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Dr. Potts

TOUCH--AND GO

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Volume V

December, 1951

No. 10

(Inkprint Edition)

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by the American Foundation for the Blind, Inc.
15 West 16th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

TOUCH--AND GO

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A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM "T A G"

"A Merry, Merry Christmas

And a Happy New Year, too.

We send these greetings everywhere

From us to all of you."

M. Robert Barnett--the Foundation's Big Boss

Annette Dinsmore--our own Boss Lady

Rebecca Mack--our newest, yet "oldest" friend

Marta Sobieski--who now graces the Big Boss' "Ivory Tower"

Louise Rauch--our "Gal" Friday

Freda Wakeling--who helps pull "TAG" together

Carl Rodgers--our braille expert
(Abe Nemeth's successor)

Our Roving Reporter--who insists on remaining anonymous

Betsie Dinsmore--our mascot, who bosses us all.

--oOo--

MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

Each day in December seems to gather momentum for most of us so that before we can catch our breath Christmas is upon us! Each year we feel that we will get everything ready well ahead of time, but few of us succeed. However, there is something stimulating in the rush of last-minute Christmas preparations and the whole spirit of the jostling crowds is exhilarating. For a few weeks, at least, everyone seems to be thinking of others rather than himself, and the promise of peace takes on greater reality now, despite a war-torn world.

Peace! When will it come to the world! How long must we wait and how many lives must be sacrificed first! Perhaps we who go about our busy tasks today will never know such universal peace but we can still cling to the hope through the peace that endures even now in the hearts of men; and the harmony wrought by the spirit of Christmas holds a meaning for us all, deep enough to penetrate the hard shell of hatred and jealousy that has built barriers between us.

On November 28, New York City staged an air raid drill. Eight million people stopped work to go to basements or air raid shelters, while not a single car, bus or truck moved in the streets. For ten minutes New York held her breath and the possibility of disaster seemed to charge the atmosphere. At the American Foundation for the Blind we all walked down the stairs in solemn procession, since elevators might become useless during a real emergency. Even Betsie discarded her usual gaiety, watching each step with extreme caution. However, the fact that millions of people took the pretense of danger seriously, for the sake of future security, was awe-inspiring and gave each of us confidence in the power of America--the unity of purpose which can carry us through.

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1724

MDCCXXIV

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OF THE HISTORY OF THE

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The trip to Washington was very interesting and constructive. Betsie and I spent more than two weeks there early in November and had a chance to talk to a great many people who can be of direct or indirect help. We went to the Library of Congress to arrange to have a book on speech brailled and placed in the distributing libraries for the use of deaf-blind borrowers in case of need. An announcement will be made when this book is ready. We visited the Volta Bureau for the Deaf, the American Hearing Society, the Federal Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, the Federal Office of Special Education, several local agencies for the blind, and for the hard of hearing and a home for the blind. Gallaudet College was one of the highlights and we had a chance to talk to Dean Fusfeld, asking him to give their young deaf students some understanding of the problem of deaf-blindness. We had an opportunity to speak on the same subject at a meeting of blind people and they responded with genuine interest. We met a few deaf-blind people and saw an attractive deaf-blind child of four who will need to go to school in a few years. A newspaper article appeared in a prominent Washington paper, The Sunday Star, in the form of an interview which we are reprinting for you in this issue. Reporters so often change what you tell them until you can't recognize what you are supposed to have said. This write-up, however, is good and we hope that it had a bit of influence. There was a picture of Betsie and me which, of course, we cannot reproduce for you but Betsie, as usual, posed for it with delight.

May the holiday season hold joy and happy companionship for each one of you and may the blessings of Christmas be reflected for you in the coming year.

Annette B. Dinsmore, Consultant
Services for Deaf-Blind

LULLABY

Josephine B. Bernhard

A long, long time ago, the little Christ-child was born in a far away country, in a stable among the animals.

There was His Mother and Saint Joseph as well as a good ox, a gentle ass and the other beasts who watched over the Christ-child.

When the news of His birth spread, everyone hurried to the stable to pay Him homage. There were kings, and shepherds and just simple townfolk.

When the children of the village learned the good news, they too wanted to welcome the little Baby and to bring Him gifts.

It was a clear Christmas night, and so the children followed the little bright star in the skies until it led them to the stable where the Christ-child was lying in His manger.

And oh what a crowd came to the stable to greet the Christ-child!

And what gifts they brought with them!

There was the Kubus boy, who brought a big, black cock. And a very proud strutter he was!

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he cried in greeting.

And there was the little Hanka girl with a cake of fresh cheese for the Christ-child.

The little Franus boy came, dragging his goat on a rope.

And right in front was Basia, the goose-girl, with a big, fat goose under her arm.

Behind the children you could see the Kujawiak couple, the newlyweds, with the whole jolly wedding party from Krakow, even the musicians.

The Child listened with great joy to the music and singing. He watched the merry people dancing and although it was growing quite late, He was wide awake and playful.

His Mother knew it was time for the little One to go to sleep. The shepherds saw her worried face, and gently urged the visitors to go.

They slipped away in twos and threes. Out through the stable-door they went, first the simple townsfolk, then the villagers, then the wise men, and finally the children and the dancers.

Now the little Christ-child was alone with His Mother and Saint Joseph and the animals.

His Mother began to sing a lullaby. Hum... Hum... she crooned, yet it sounded very high. The Baby would not close His eyes or fall asleep.

Next, Saint Joseph took his turn at humming a song; but His voice was deep and loud. He only made the Baby open His eyes wider than ever.

It was really late now, nearly midnight. But His Mother had a wise thought. She asked the animals to help Her.

"Will you, good ox, or you, gentle ass, sing my Baby to sleep?"

"Yes indeed," said the good ox.

"Gladly," said the gentle ass.

"Moo-OO!" went the ox; stretching his great neck.

"Haw-ee, haw-ee!" brayed the ass.

The poor little Child was only frightened the more.

"What shall we do?" cried His Mother. She was at her wit's end. Just then she saw a tiny tiger-cat, curled up like a snail, in a far corner of the stable.

"Come kitty, kitty-kitty," she called. "Come little Purry-whiskers and put my Baby to sleep."

Little Purry-whiskers lifted his head. He looked at his sooty coat and was very much ashamed. You see, he had been sleeping in the ashes on top of his mistress' stove. When he had heard the crowds on their way to the stable, he had left his warm home and followed them. He had come with the villagers, the wise men, the children, and the dancers.

And now they had left him behind in the stable.

His white chin was covered with soot. And so was each one of his four paws. Even the tip of his tail was dusty with ashes.

"Oh Purry-whiskers!" thought he. "How can you show your sooty self, shame on you!"

And he began to wash. How he licked himself! First he started with his dusty chin....

"Kitty, kitty, come to me," the Child's Mother coaxed.

He washed his face very carefully, and then he began on the little white patch behind his ear.

"Please hurry," Saint Joseph called. But the kitten just went on licking and licking. He had nearly finished his last hind paw.

Even the good ox lost patience. "Won't you ever finish?" he mooed.

But Purry-whiskers was cleaning the last bit of ash from the tip of his tail. Now he was ready. He softly pattered to the manger. Up he hopped. He curled himself at the Christ-child's feet and then he began to purr.

And what he purred was his own lullaby, the lullaby that every kitten knows.

Ah,--Ah, Pussies gay, One wears stripes, and one is gray
One is Short, The other tall, And I love them, Big or small.
Mew--Mew, Pussy do; One white mitten, one white shoe
Though you're small and even fat, you are still my pussy-cat!

...but the Christ-child had fallen sound asleep.

Ever after that night the Purry-whiskers made sure never to be caught again with a smudgy face.

And that is why you see him washing himself so often.

--Reprinted by kind permission of
the publishers, Roy Publishers,
New York, N. Y.

This old legend, written for children, seemed so charming that we felt you would all enjoy it, too.

*

PERSONALLY YOURS

Recently, your Roving Reporter had an opportunity to meet a charming young lady, vivacious and attractive, with a consuming interest in deaf-blind people. She herself is blind, but this in no way interferes with her untiring efforts and continuous work for she is the only home teacher in the United States who serves deaf-blind people exclusively--Miss Doris Mann of Connecticut.

"In thinking over what I consider the greatest assets a deaf-blind person can have, I would say that he needs an alert mind, keen sense of humor and, above all, patience--patience with himself and with those about him." This is Miss Mann's opinion and she has had ample opportunity to back up her observations.

She points out that "Patience on the part of the public is also a great necessity. Deaf-blind people need to be understood by the public who should be aware of their problems and have understanding of such problems. A deaf-blind person should not be left out of the community life just because he is deaf-blind. In group situations he should not be excluded from the conversation. Give the deaf-blind person a chance to prove himself capable of doing a job, or living a happy life,--do not just dole out money for his needs and forget about him as a person. Remember that he is an individual, a human being with all of the same hopes and desires, fears and frustrations that all humans have. The public should remember that all he wants is a chance to live."

Miss Mann is teaching twenty students regularly, although she visits many others. The twenty students, five of whom are men, range in age from twenty to eighty-six. In addition to teaching braille, typewriting and crafts, she spends much time helping individuals become better friends with their hearing aids.

A typical day for this teacher of deaf-blind persons is something like this:

"In the morning mail there may be a letter from a client and while driving to my first call I can answer this letter in braille, if necessary. At my first call, the pupil may be in quite a mood. He has had difficulty with his family, or with the people with whom he is living. He has to tell someone, and I listen. I may point out wherein he has been wrong. Then I try to hear the other side of the story. By interceding for the deaf-blind person, and for the sighted person, many an explosion has been averted. After everything is straightened out, we can proceed with the lesson."

Miss Mann goes on her way and visits another pupil with a different problem. "This person may be making an adjustment to using a hearing aid. If the loss of hearing has been great for a number of year^s, it may be necessary to give him practice, using words and sentences that he has not heard closely for a number of years."

Next, it may be necessary to take another client to an otologist. Miss Mann asks the doctor questions to clarify the problem and then interprets the situation to her client. If the client reads braille, all the information given by the doctor is written in braille, so that he can study it at home.

Next on her list of persons may be a housewife with the usual problems of everyday routine for which Miss Mann is well qualified to give constructive suggestions. In addition, she may write a letter for the deaf-blind person or do a bit of shopping, whatever the occasion demands.

After many busy days, months and years of teaching and helping, Miss Mann has come to realize that time-consuming hobbies and skills are of vital importance to deaf-blind people. "A deaf-blind person should make every effort to help himself as much as possible and to amuse himself whenever he can," she says. "In the busy world about him it is not always possible for others to devote as much time to his problems as he may wish. It is not that others mean to be neglectful; it is just that due to the stress of everyday living they have little time left over. It is the way things are. If the deaf-blind person can become self-sufficient he will not feel shut away from everything," she explains.

Miss Mann has high praise for many of her pupils. She tells of one young man who worked out a weaving problem that not only aided him but added a new trick--a method that was eagerly accepted by a sighted instructor of weaving. Miss Mann had taught him to measure off warp for weaving, showing him the usual method of tying groups of threads together. The next time he was to measure off warp, she discovered that he had used paper clips, taking strips of paper and clipping them over the groups of threads. "It was a much faster method and easier on the disposition when it was necessary to untie the string," according to Miss Mann. This was just one of the short cuts he worked out.

Through her genuine understanding of deaf-blind people, Miss Mann is able to give her pupils a sense of independence and confidence in themselves.

PARTIALLY YOURS
(WITH APOLOGIES TO PERSONALLY YOURS)

by Lillie & Co., Inc.

Sometimes I think that being totally deaf and partially blind, or totally blind and partially deaf, is more hazardous than being totally dimmed-out. This will prove it. My hearing is strictly nil, and my vision is almost as bad. I can see just enough to get into trouble and I do not have to go looking for it, either. It follows me like Mary's little lamb.

My hubby and a neighbor were working in the yard and dug a cave-sized hole, and both men warned me about it, but of course I did not pay them one bit of mind. I started out the back door, all sails flying and unmindful of red lights and hit that hole on all four cylinders. I never said a word--honest--but the yell of agony that hole let out was heard forty miles away. After assuring themselves that I was not hurt, those heartless males--laughed!

In the house I should know better, but don't. We have one of the old-fashioned chairs with spiked rockers. The other day I smelled the beans going up in smoke and rushed to the kitchen to pull out a "Fireman, save my beans," not knowing that someone had left the chair in the middle of the room, and crashed right smack-dab into that poor chair. After the pieces--including me--were salvaged, both the chair and I started using a new brand of perfume that smelled suspiciously of liniment.

There's the act of being a helpful Hannah, and with me it backfires every time. I set out to water the yard, trip over the hose as I step from the porch, pick me and the hose up and work my way to the hydrant, reach over and give it a twist and promptly get rained on. Our old dog gets it next and takes

to his house to suffer and to dry out. Kitty comes in for a generous dousing and makes a nonstop jump for the roof and parks well above the waterline-- to wash her face.

Gradually, I work my way around the house and a neighbor hastily goes inside for her umbrella. The mail man comes along and, as he spots me doing a "Noah and the Flood", hollers at my hubby and says, "Sorry, no deliveries during flood season," and goes to the other side of the street. 'Tis a nice day, but a wee bit damp.

The day is grand and I am having a wonderfully good time. However, suddenly a very wet hand grabs mine and words are spelled out real quick. "Honey, I never did have a yen to be a fish. Go into the house and do your good deeds."

So, feeling very much unappreciated by a more than very damp hubby, I go inside and decide to bake a cake. But that's a tale for another time.

Yes, we "Partially Yours" lead a risky life but a merry one.

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HOLIDAY HINTS

As the holidays roll around again, apart from the special excitement that softly-falling snowflakes and Santa bring, it becomes hospitality time, too; the time when every woman begins to think of cookies and other good things to serve to guests as well as the children.

In the Food Department we chose a cookie recipe called "Cherry Wink" to brighten the Christmas appetite, which won a \$5,000 prize in the Pillsbury "bake-off" contest, and it isn't hard to make at all. This recipe makes about a dozen cookies.

First sift $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups of flour, 1 Teasp. double-acting baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ Teasp. baking soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ Teasp. salt.

Combine $\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening and 1 cup sugar. Mix well. Blend in 2 eggs, 2 Tblsps. milk and 1 Teasp. vanilla.

Blend in sifted dry ingredients, mix well. Add 1 cup chopped pecans and 1 cup chopped dates, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped maraschino cherries. Mix well.

Shape into balls, using 1 level Tblsp. of dough for each cookie.

Crush $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of cornflakes. Roll each ball of dough in crushed cornflakes. Place on greased baking sheet. Top each cookie with $\frac{1}{4}$ maraschino cherry. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees) for 10-12 minutes.

Do not stack or store until cold.

Cranberry Cocktail

Something else that all the ladies' magazines have been suggesting this year for a happy blending of taste and color is chilled cranberry juice. It comes in cans and makes a lovely holiday drink with its Christmasy deep red color, which is its only intoxicating quality.

Christmas Wreaths

If you love a wreath on your door and have some unwanted branches left from the tree, it's really a labor of love to get out a wire coat hanger, bend it to a circular shape and start to construct your own.

A few bits of string will hold the sprigs to the wire, or pieces of tiny wire will do the trick. A turkey-red plastic ball from the dime store, which resist^s rain and snow, or a wide silk-ribbon ball-- and you have a wreath to brag about. Little pine cones or tiny Christmas balls in clusters add to its festive appearance and make your wreath a real bundle of holiday cheer.

PUBLICITY

The following is a copy of an article which appeared in a Washington newspaper, The Sunday Star, on November 4, 1951.

"Miss Annette B. Dinsmore, consultant on services for the deaf-blind to the American Foundation for the Blind, said yesterday that one of the greatest needs for the deaf-blind is recognition of their loneliness.

Miss Dinsmore, who has been blind herself for sixteen years, is in town with her Seeing-Eye dog, Betsie, for the annual meeting of the Helen Keller Committee for the Deaf-Blind and to fill several speaking engagements and take care of some business for the Foundation.

'Many people who have to care for this type of person,' she said, 'fail to appreciate the isolation surrounding him and his urgent need for as many contacts with other people as possible.'

'If more people would make an effort to learn how to talk to him and take the time to do so, more often, it would do a great deal to help alleviate this enforced loneliness,' she stressed.

A second problem in helping these people, Miss Dinsmore says, is that of properly trained teachers and other educational facilities for deaf-blind children.

'We have found that forty percent of the deaf-blind under twenty years old have never been to school,' Miss Dinsmore said.

There are only five schools in the country with special departments for the deaf-blind, she said. These are ~~the~~ Perkins Institution in Watertown, Mass.; the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind in New York;

the California School for the Blind at Berkeley; the Iowa School for the Deaf at Council Bluffs and the Michigan School for the Blind at Lansing.

'There is a great need for a school for the deaf-blind somewhere in the Southern region of the country,' Miss Dinsmore pointed out."

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The article, "A Day to Remember", which appeared in the November issue of Touch and Go was a true story. A number of inquiries have been received concerning this.

Touch and Go has been delayed a bit in reaching you for the last several months. This is due, in part, to pressure of work in the office here, but we must also blame Uncle Sam a little for holding it up in the post office occasionally.

Those who use the alphabet glove will be interested in knowing that nylon gloves are completely satisfactory and wash very easily. Light weight cotton gloves have been difficult to buy recently.

We have had many requests for braille copies of the catalog, "Aids for the Blind," listing items which are sold through the Special Services department. It is impossible to have this whole book brailled but if you are interested in a specific article, the description of this one item could be brailled for you on request.

Dr. Potts

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MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

Proud Mr. Turkey Gobbler looks mournfully at the November calendar and a tear rolls down his cheek. Thanksgiving Day is a sad one for him. But for the rest of us it is a happy day, a day of feasting, a day spent in festivities with family and friends. It is the day when we count our blessings and give thanks for them, thanks for the privilege of living in our own beautiful America, for the freedom of choosing our own way of life!

"Thank you" is such a simple thing to say, but it is an important part of gracious living. You can say it in many ways--in French, "merci"--in German, "danke schoen"--in Spanish, "muchas gracias", or you can say it with a smile. The sign language of the deaf says "thank you" by means of the motion of throwing a kiss and this gesture is very expressive of the meaning it conveys.

All of us here at the Foundation want to say "thank you" to you for your many encouraging letters which reflect your understanding of the service which we are trying to render. Your suggestions are so welcome, your criticisms so fair and your praises are so encouraging that we want you to know how appreciative we are.

Betsie is delighted with her fan mail and she says "thank you", too. When you read this we will be in Washington, D. C. We shall work with a number of agencies: the Volta Bureau (for the deaf), the American Hearing Society, the Federal Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, and an agency that has a special department for the blind, called Family and Child Services. We hope to visit the Library of Congress and Gallaudet College for the Deaf, if there is time. We hope, too, that there will be a chance to meet some deaf-blind people.

Education for little deaf-blind children is one of the important issues and we hope to present the problem and to show how urgent it is. Even though, fortunately, there are comparatively few children who have been deaf-blind from early childhood, each one needs skilled teaching for many years if he is to have a chance. Forty-two per cent of our deaf-blind children, those now under twenty, have never been to schools of any kind. This is a serious situation.

Other problems are equally important, of course; employment, for one; and we are taking a list of vocations in which deaf-blind workers have succeeded, to discuss with the Federal Office. In other words, we hope to do a bit of propaganda on your behalf.

May November be a month of pleasures, large and small, for all of you and may you have a very happy Thanksgiving!

Annette B. Dinsmore, Consultant
Services for the Deaf-Blind

PERSONALLY YOURS

by

Our Roving Reporter

"Poems are like music in my heart. When I'm reading a poem with my fingers, the words seem to sing to music," writes Constance Ver Vaene, a deaf-blind person of middle age, who has had to have the quiet kind of courage so much admired, yet unheralded; the kind that makes the most of every day. Each day is filled with little tasks well-done and she has kept her courage as constant as her name.

Music and literature are two of the greatest sources of enjoyment for her and have been so for the past thirty years, for at the age of twenty she became totally without sight and hearing.

Now residing in a small town--Mt. Clements, Michigan--she can think back to the time when she first started taking piano lessons and the thrill and anguish of her first recitals and small triumphs.

She was eighteen years old and could not hear the piano at all, but got much pleasure from the vibrations. Her teacher was a man from Perkins Institution who was blind, a Professor Herbert Strout of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

For three years she followed her lessons faithfully, without once missing a lesson. One day when recital time came around, she knew the true feeling of stage fright. As each pupil played his piece of music, she became more terrified. When her turn came around and as she sat down and placed her fingers on the keyboard, she couldn't seem to move them a fraction. Her wise teacher kept her until everyone left--and then the music poured forth with welcome release. From that time on she was the first to play at recitals, and the system worked. She didn't have time to become panicky!

In addition to music, she has done her share of housework, and took care of her mother during a long illness. "When she wanted me, she knocked on the floor with her cane and I could feel that vibration very well," according to Miss Ver Vaene. Among her chores was taking care of a furnace, she relates. "Instead of using a big shovel to carry coal in from the bin to the furnace door, I used a little kitchen stove shovel which is easy to carry with one hand while feeling with the other hand. This way, I could make a fire with ease."

She was an active member of the Women's Auxiliary of the Disabled American Veterans of Rankin Post Number One, as well as the Women's Industrial Club, a branch of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. Her mother was a member of American War Mothers in Detroit and Miss Ver Vaene was an associate member. She served as assistant secretary of the group for three years, typing announcement cards, lists, and notices, using a unique system of rubber bands, and paper clips, as well as stamps to guide her in her work.

Now that she has moved to a small town in Michigan, she is in a small house without her beloved piano, occupying herself with knitting, household chores, writing and reading braille letters, and reading books of all types, "depending upon the mood I'm in," she says.

"I have no special program for each day while living out here. I take each day as it comes," according to a recent letter. She has a wire line seventy feet long with a bell attached, and by retracing her steps she figures she has covered several miles or more at a time.

We think it would be nice if she could have a shower of braille letters from readers of Touch--and Go. The address of this gallant lady is: Constance Ver Vaene, Route 3, Anchor Drive, Mt. Clements, Michigan.

EXTRACT FROM "THE WORLD THROUGH THREE SENSES"

Helen Keller

"Ideas constitute the world each of us lives in, and impressions are a well-spring of ideas. My outer world, wrought out of the sensations of touch, smell and taste, breathes and throbs because I have a thinking mind and a feeling soul. While others look and listen, I use my tactile faculty to secure information, entertainment and activity in which I have to share. In all I do and think I am conscious of a hand. People dependent upon their eyes and ears seldom realize how many things are tangible. Objects that can be touched are round or flat, broken or symmetrical, flexible or stiff, solid or liquid, and these qualities are modified ad infinitum.

Also I perceive the flow of straight and curved lines and their endless variety on all surfaces--regular or uneven, swelling, rough or smooth. In rocks full of grooves, jagged edges and lichens, in the queenliness of the rose and the velvet of a well-groomed horse's neck, the manifold shapes of young trees, bushes and grasses I find eloquent witness to the glory that once trickled into the seeing hand of the Greek, the Japanese and the South Sea Islander.

Again, with the skin of my face and nose I notice different atmospherical conditions according to the season, even at various hours of the same day and in different regions. For instance, in wintertime I recognize a cold sun, and the rain is chill and odorless. The rain of spring is warm, vital and fragrant. The air of midsummer is heavy and damp or dry and burning, and so the changes of weather go on.

Besides objects, surfaces and the weather, I receive countless vibrations from which I learn much about everyday happenings. In the house I feel foot-

steps, noises of the broom, the hammer and the saw, the dishes as they are removed from the table, the excited bark of big Et Tu, my Alsatian, when somebody comes to the door. Footsteps vary tactually according to the age, the sex and the manners of the walker. The child's patter is unlike the tread of a grown person. The springy step of youth differs from the sedate walk of the middle-aged and from the gait of the old man whose feet drag along the floor. In persons whom I know well I detect many moods and traits in their walk--energy or laziness, firmness or hesitation, weariness, impatience or distress. Thus I am aware to some extent of the actions of those about me.

Perhaps I am working at the desk. A sportive breeze blows some papers off, and I jump to recapture them, guided by the direction from which their flutter on the rug reaches me. A flat thud warns me that a book has fallen. The ring of an electric bell on the desk informs me that I am wanted downstairs. Other vibrations past enumerating speak to my fingers: the wind or rain rattling against the windows as I open or close them; the ring of the telephone when I am close to it; the tic-tac of a clock I touch; the swallowed gurgle of the playing hose; the pop of a champagne bottle opened quite near to me.

There are other vibrations which do not reach me through skin-touch. They enter my nerves and bones loudly or softly. The beat and roll of drums pass through me from the chest to the shoulder blades. The rhythmic vibration of a well-made train over a smooth road is pleasing to my body. There is fascination for me in the echoing thunder and the tremendous booming of the ocean upon the shore. And the organ, whose harmony resembles the onrush and retreat of sea

waves, swells my act of feeling to rapture. What I said in The World I Live In is still true: "If music could be seen, I could point where the organ notes go, as they rise and fall, climb up and up, rock and sway, now loud and deep, now high and stormy, anon soft and solemn."

On the other hand, I am annoyed by discords like scraping, the creaking of old floors, and foghorns, I have had contacts with bridges which were being built, and I felt the blows of giant hammers, the rattle of masses of stone and other materials, the rumble of engines and the dumping of dirt cars. I have visited factories and war plants and sensed the clangor and uproar of machines horrible and brutal. I have been shaken by the crash of giant trees as they were felled to earth, the concussion of huge logs sawed at timber mills, explosions that follow blasting rocks in mines, the enormous clamor of switching freight trains and the roar of the airplane starting on its flight. At sea I have been pitched to and fro in a storm on a ship as it plowed foaming furrows through the water, and liquid mountains lashed its sides and tossed it aloft like a child's toy, it seemed to me, with devilish exultation. From all these vibrations I have gained my conception of war, earthquakes, tidal waves and raging forest fires.

Through touch, also, I know the gigantic traffic of New York, the grating of electric cars and busses, the tramping and pushing of crowds, the never-ceasing turmoil of the elevated railways and the subways. As I walk along, I am conscious, too, of exhalations from various shops--leather, new fabrics, hardware and drugs--from automobiles, fruit and vegetable stands, people and restaurants. By the odors of fresh lumber, stone and metal, I perceive that a new building is going up. For a while the city is full of interest and

excitement for me, but after its enveloping noise and restlessness it is a physical relief to get back to the tactual quietness and peace of my country home.

When I work in my garden early mornings in spring and summer, my sensations are wide open to the "brightness, the spark and flame of the quick forge" of Nature's wonders. It is easy to trim by touch the grass down the driveway and around the trees, to remove stones that press upon the roots and to cut away vines that threaten to strangle other plants. I do not have to worry for fear my shear will murder the lusty pachysandra border, it is so unlike the slender blades of grass I cut. Having felt vines sprawling along the ground or seizing hold of any support with their tendrils, I do not mistake one of them for the foliage of a shrub. The tall, square-stemmed, coarse-leafed, rank weeds I pull up are not to be confused with ferns or delicate, feathery grasses through which the wind pipes tenderly. The malodorous ironweed is an enemy to which I give no quarter. But there are friendly messengers from the wild I love--black-eyed Susans, Queen Anne's lace and the clean, pungent tansy. It is to my sorrow that I have to clear them away from a flower bed or a border of mint. The clover is adorable and a welcome visitor on the lawn, but left too long in one spot, it builds exquisite yet formidable layers of root and stem, and reluctantly I sever it from the young grasses which must be given a chance.

The seasons always charm me as a succession of surprises. No matter how attentively I watch for their signs, they are never the same in odor or temperature. One day when I go out to clip grass it is frosty, and buds on tree and bush are still small and hard. A few days later I am at my outdoor work again, and lo, the maples are in leaf, the evergreens are beginning to put out soft new

tips, the turf palpitates with promises of clover and dandelion. Soon the rose-bushes and lilac trees are aflutter with fragrant little leaves that seem to my fingers cool distillations of dew and air. The time that passes varies before I discover one bush in flower, and, like wildfire, the blossoming spreads until the entire garden is a vast bouquet of indescribable loveliness. I cannot hear the orchestra of bird voices that those who have ears observe, but the trees and flowers amaze me with their endless changes. The pines and spruces from which I pluck away dead herbage drop pitch upon my hand, and I take that as tidings that summer is near. These palpable phenomena awake in me a train of happy memories, so that the seasons of each year mean more to me than those of the year before. I can remember moments when I feel young azaleas atremble under my palm or sniff hyacinths, but it takes an evocative touch or scent for me to recover the emotion fully. Truly, as the carefree morning hours slip by, it is a heavenly privilege for me to exercise the faculties of meditation and understanding that empower one to live in the universe."

(Reprinted from the Ladies' Home Journal, March 1951, by kind permission of the publishers.)

THE SCHOONER--"MARY FRANCES"

Warren Cobb

In my younger days, I spent a good deal of time on the water. Therefore, last winter I decided to make a small model of a schooner yacht, so I took a piece of wood six inches long, and shaped out the hull of the boat with my jack-knife. Of course, I had to do all this work by touch and had to be very careful to get each side the same dimensions. Since this was the way I had to proceed in making the whole boat, I will not touch upon this topic again. When the hull was finished, I put on a small rudder and then fastened the hull to the base-board, as the model was intended to be a mantelpiece ornament.

Without going into details about the making of the accessories that went on the deck, I will mention the names of them, and you can imagine how small these must have been when there were eleven. After they were made, I had to see that they were placed in exactly the right positions. Here are the articles which I made for the deck: bow sprit, capstan, anchor, two masts, two row boats, skylight, cabin entrance, and wheel house with little wheel. After setting these in position, I had to make the mast. This was a task! The mast had to be perfectly straight, and placed exactly in the right position, or the whole boat would have looked out of proportion. Then I found that I didn't have any perfectly straight pieces that would do for the mast, so I had my father-in-law get me twigs from a tree, and sandpapered both to get them exactly right. By the way, I had to make three sets of masts before I finally got what I wanted. The masts were set in, or rather "stepped", as they call it in the trade.

Now came the making of the sails. Oh dear, sailmaking is a trade, and whether you make sails for a large ship or for a model, they have to fit perfectly just the same. They are hard to make because the sail is cut at different angles so that they will fit close to the mast and the booms properly. I don't know just how many I cut before I got what I wanted, so that they would be smooth instead of being creased. I do know, though, that I wouldn't want to attempt that job again. Then I had to sew the sails, and sew them on to the booms. I finally accomplished that, too.

Now she had to be rigged according to Hoyle. A rope on a boat has its purpose, and getting this rigging in place was some job, I can assure you. The boat has two masts, a foresail, mainsail, two jibs and is fully rigged. Finally, after about six months, the work was completed, and on Father's Day I gave her to my son, who was delighted with her. He painted and varnished her, and now she takes the place of honor on his mantel piece.

We named the little boat the "Mary Frances" and there is a little history attached to this. When I was a baby, my grandfather bought a new fishing vessel which he named after my mother, Mary Francis. On his first trip, the boat got wrecked off Cape Cod and he was drowned.

Let me brag just a bit. I'm proud of the "Mary Frances" because she is evidence of the fact that I can remember such visual details after twenty-five years of blindness.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

by

Our Roving Reporter

Afternoon traffic was almost at a complete standstill in New York City, cabbies' ears were straining at their radios and they (the cab drivers) lost all their talkative inclinations as the announcers clipped out the news, brains of big Wall Street financiers turned to butter as they turned off their ticker tapes and tuned in to get the latest reports. People in Syracuse and Milwaukee, in beauty salons and beer joints, all were paying the tribute of their interest to the great god Baseball—for the Yankees and the Giants were playing the sixth--and maybe final game--of the 1951 World Series.

"Butch" Hack of Maplewood, N. J. and Eddie Reiss of Hillsdale, N. J., two fifteen-year-old boys, didn't care how many collective ears were flapping all over the country. They were happy. It was a supreme moment for them for they were seated at Yankee stadium watching baseball history being made, watching the Yanks take the Series for the third time in three years; this time from the hands of the gallant Giants. They even had permission to skip school.

Just like any other teenagers thrilled to be on the scene they watched tensely, each crack of the bat bringing them to their feet and as the ball fouled or was caught by a short-stop or fielder, they sank back with a groan. Nobody paid any attention to them, because everyone's attention was focused on the players. If they had been watching Eddie and Butch, they might have stopped to wonder why Butch was going through so many motions along with the umpire. They might have questioned why Eddie kept his hand out eagerly waiting for those signals.

Then it happened! Hank Bauer hit the ball that won the game and the Series for the Yanks. Butch quickly traced a diamond in Eddie's hand, stopping at the corner of each angle momentarily as Bauer gained each base. As each man came in on the triple, Butch quickly spelled the first few letters of the name in Eddie's hand. Eddie cheered as loudly as the rest. Crossed hands in front meant each man was safe.

The Giants rallied, and Butch's hand went back over his shoulder as each man went out, giving Eddie a picture, by touch of every play. Butch was pulling for the Giants because he liked to give all his support to the team that needed it, although he is strictly a Pittsburgh Pirates fan. Eddie was all for the Yanks. His hero is one of their pitchers, Vic Raschi, whose brother is a school pal of his at Perkins Institution, Watertown, Massachusetts. Raschi's brother is a blind boy but Eddie is deaf as well as blind.

Butch signalled that the game was over. Two happy boys left the stadium. Butch was thinking that it was the most thrilling moment of his life and Eddie was beaming like a thousand watt bulb at a lamplighters' convention. He sure had a lot to tell the boys back at Perkins.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Miss Rebecca Mack, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who is well known to many of you for the years of service she has given in the cause of deaf-blind people, has been appointed to the staff of the American Foundation for the Blind as a part-time worker for the Department of Services for the Deaf-Blind. She will continue to work from her home. We are fortunate to have her help and the benefit of her great interest and years of experience. Miss Mack asked us to request you to type your letters when writing to her, since she is not familiar with braille, grade two. If you are unable to type, and must use braille, please use grade one, spelling out each word, with no contractions. Her address is: Miss Rebecca Mack, 798 Clinton Springs Avenue, Cincinnati 29, Ohio.

Mr. Willard Hartup has asked us to express his thanks for your cooperation in filling out the questionnaires, forty of which were completed. The study of these questionnaires proves the point, which we all expected, that deaf-blind persons react to situations in the same way everyone else does.

Charles (Bud) Spilliker has presented us with a set of brushes which have been fastened together to represent fingers which are bent in positions of the one-hand manual alphabet. There are twenty-six such "hands", one for each letter and they look and feel surprisingly real. Bud made them himself and we will be glad to send them to anyone who could use them in teaching a blind person the manual. They would be sent for temporary use and would need to be returned, since we have only the one set.

TOUCH--AND GO

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October, 1951

No. 8

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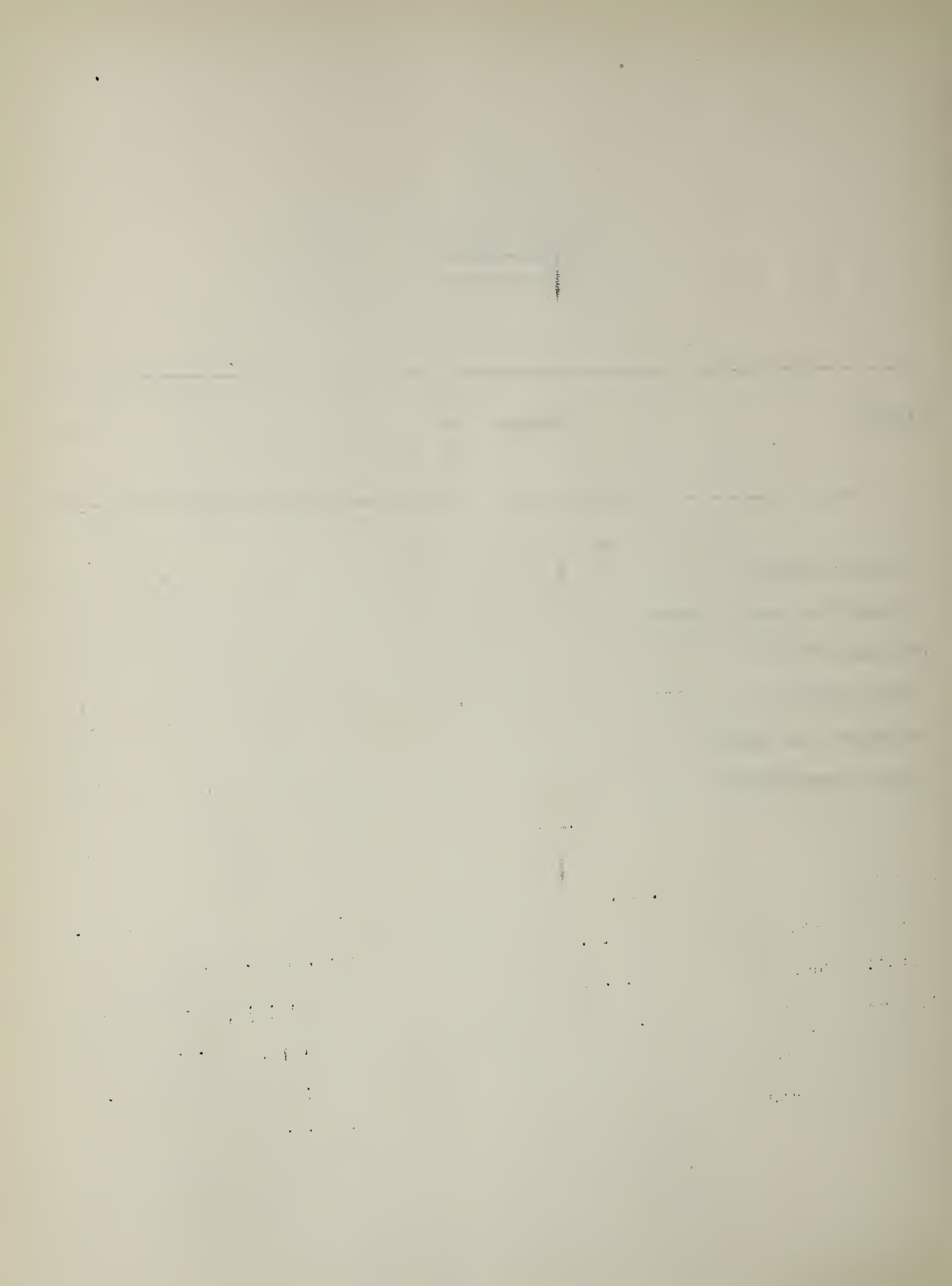
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HALLOWEEN FANTASY

Weird the moon above black trees,
 Bleak wind gusty through the boughs,
Silence save the chafe of these
 On the low-roofed darkened house.

Is it she, oh, is it she
 Tiptoes down the ancient stair?
Cloaked and booted, is it he
 Waits in shadow for her there?

Does the night owl see them go
 Stealthy-footed through the hedge?
Do hushed hoofbeats echo slow,
 Dim-retreating down the ledge?

Dreams, no doubt, and yet the air
 Trembles as we hurry by,
And the old man living there
 Mourns a maid who did not die.

--Richard Kinney

MESSAGE FROM BETSIE DINSMORE

From Under the Desk

Since Marta Sobieski wrote the message last April, "From the Other Side of the Desk," it seems only fair that I have a chance to write one, too. Although my main interest in life is in food, and I am ever on the alert for exciting morsels, I enjoy supervising the work of the Department for the Deaf-Blind from under the desk. After all, my boss just won't let me eat all of the time. Sometimes things in this office are very noisy, the telephone ringing, the typewriter going, people rushing in and out and the braille machine pounding away. I have to watch carefully, for fear some suspicious character may enter but so far everyone seems friendly. Sometimes, when my boss is trying very hard to think, the room is calm and quiet and I have a chance for a good nap.

Today I am dreaming of the beach with its nice soft sand that is sometimes hot and sometimes wet. I like to dig down in the sand with a stick between my paws and I work very hard trying to get all of the sand out of the hole but this never happens. I like to lie in the center of a beach blanket chewing my stick and sometimes my boss puts up an umbrella just for me. The beach slopes down to a great puddle of water, a puddle as big as the sky, and it moves all the time, trying to jump at you. When it jumps, it roars and splashes water on you unless you are careful. It is green and blue and white and sometimes grey, and the first time I saw it jump at me I ran like a deer to the top of the sand dunes. Now I am much braver and let my feet get wet a little but my boss is brave and walks way into it even

when it is jumping all over her. At such times I stop playing in the sand and watch her, to be sure she is safe.

Last month my boss and I spent long, happy days at the beach. My boss didn't work or try to think and I didn't work, either. We had a lovely time. My boss turned brown in the sun and I got snowy-white because the sand rubbed out the city dirt. One night in the moonlight I found a little round animal on the beach which my boss called a sand crab and it had funny claws. I barked at it and ran around it in circles and it tried to jump at me. It couldn't catch me but when I was about to pick it up in my mouth, my boss took me away, saying I might get hurt. It disappeared in a hole in the sand and I never found it again, although I hunted for it every day.

Now we are back in the office and I hope that we will soon take a trip to see some deaf-blind friends. That is the greatest fun of all and I wish I could meet every one of you. It is exciting to go to new places and get to know new people. My boss sends you her greetings, and so do I. Thank you for letting me write in your magazine.

Betsie

There is a feeling of being in a new world. It is a feeling of being in a new world. It is a feeling of being in a new world.

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately. I have been thinking of you a great deal lately. I have been thinking of you a great deal lately.

I hope you are well. I hope you are well. I hope you are well. I hope you are well. I hope you are well.

Yours truly,

PERSONALLY YOURS

(Reprinted from the Philadelphia Bulletin, August 12, 1951)

Written by Patricia Spollen, Garden Editor

David Badger is a deaf-blind man, with no speech, who has a garden at 35th and Lancaster Avenue, across the street from the Pennsylvania Working Home for the Blind. You can learn some things about gardening from him.

His was the happiest face in the room, when he started to "talk" about his garden, in the office of the Home's superintendent, R. Earl Barrett. This garden was something he had worked hard to get, since coming to the Home in September, 1949.

An experienced farmer who went blind after an accident when he was 25 (he has been deaf since infancy), David Badger "badgered" Mr. Barrett for a garden. He had come to the home for retraining because he had been very unhappy in his previous place; he was learning rug weaving and doing very well at it; but what he wanted for a hobby, was a garden.

"Why?" Orin Baker, his trainer, talked to him in sign language.

His face lit up. He moved his hands excitedly. "Because it makes my heart feel good."

Where was it, and what did it look like? "Across the street. I will be glad to help you see it. I have zinnias, French pygmy marigolds, Bismarck stocks, asters, dahlias, geraniums, carnations."

He put on a good-looking yellow raincoat that he had bought with his own earnings. Though the triangular corner lot was lent to him, and the white picket fence donated, David Badger buys all his seeds and

tools himself -- and he has quite a collection.

When did he start this garden? "In May." Perhaps very little has been accomplished in various other parts of the world, but in only about three months, this man has succeeded in improving one small piece of earth.

A passerby says, "That lot used to be an eyesore, filled with junk and ashes. Now the whole neighborhood looks better. What a difference he made in it!"

Laying bricks to mark the outlines, he created a triangular flower bed and a long rectangle, 30 by 80 feet in size, and between the two he's now starting a circular rock garden about six feet wide.

The triangular area in the front shows the best results. Rows of zinnias in mixed colors, orange marigolds, pink and white gladioli, red geraniums and carnations are some of the flowers in bloom now. Asters and dahlias will come in September.

One reason this looks so well is that it's meticulously neat. It proves a point about garden making -- that it's more important to a garden's appearance to have plants spaced out generously, kept weeded, and given some kind of edging or border than it is to have every flower in full bloom.

A Braille ruler helped Badger get the measurements right. He also used a simple device that every gardener ought to have, especially for vegetables. All you need are two strong sticks and a length of cord. By pushing a stick into the ground at each end of the row, and stretching

the cord tightly between them, you give yourself a line to follow, one that will open a much straighter seed drill than anything guessed at by eye.

Badger weeds by touch; he's clever. Someone tells him the blossom colors. He remembers colors, and takes an interest in them. He spades, rakes, hoes, waters and even saves his own seeds.

Mornings, evenings and Saturdays, when he isn't working, he hurries to his garden. Besides being a good rug weaver, he's also a smart chess player, an enthusiastic churchgoer, a reader of braille literature, and "conversationalist." He's one of the most "talkative" people in the home; he sends notes to everybody all the time.

Someone says, "They live in a world of their own," and Badger does seem a little remote to anyone who can't get to talk to him -- until a fellow gardener discovers something.

If you take his hand and print letters in the palm, he'll quickly write you a note in reply. The notes come written in -- Hah! Surprise!-- a universal green-thumb language. This man speaks fluent gardenese!

"It will be better next year," he says. (If you ever, fellow gardener, get to the planet Mars, and wonder what that Martian gardener is trying to convey to you in his strange language, the most likely guess is "It will be better next year.")

"I'll make the rock garden this fall." (Badger lives in the same beautifully elastic time-world of all gardeners, in which, in imagination he's already making the rock garden this fall, seeing the hollyhocks come up next Spring, and picking the vegetables he's going to have next summer.)

"The ivy will grow over the wall." (You might not have noticed the ivy.) Very small plants, spaced far apart, have been set in front of the bricks. But you immediately get a mental picture from Badger of what's in his mind's eye -- ivy, aged and mellow, covering the low wall. Since every gardener has two gardens -- one on the ground and another in his mind's eye -- there you are, getting into the inside one.

He's full of conversation about how he got that zinnia out in front to grow so big, what the name of this flower is, which seeds he's saving, what he's going to have next year. He's just another of the clan, a typical gardener.

A GUY NAMED "JOE"

Every now and then the privilege is given to a person to meet another for whom one has such admiration and respect that one's own belief in the dignity and decency and beauty of the human spirit is revitalized. That was my privilege in knowing a certain deaf-blind man, "Joe", the first such handicapped person I had ever known.

I met him through a Public Assistance worker, the Services for the Blind and the Assistance program being separated in this state. I was called in because the Assistance worker had no means of communication with him, or believed she hadn't. Knowing nothing about the capabilities of the deaf-blind, I started off with rather simple braille, only to learn that he was expert in Grade 3, which I had long forgotten through disuse. In future meetings, he was of great help in enabling me to recall a few of the characters. Part of my own introduction to him had included my Seeing Eye dog, and afterwards it was "Buzzie" who announced our arrival to Joe. He had had a pet dog who was his constant companion until its death a few years before and he dearly loved to pet my girl, who is gentle and friendly.

Joe lived in a rooming house where the landlord and landlady admired and respected him as much as I did and tried to do everything they could to make him comfortable. His landlady cooked him one big meal a day and he fixed his other meals in his room. He did his own shopping at the neighborhood grocery and was so well liked by all the tradespeople that they made a point of saving crates and boxes which he might use in his carpentry work. The landlord let him borrow his tools for work in the basement.

Not only his carpentry, but also his upholstery work, was meticulous. I have heard other deaf-blind people say since, that the deaf-blind are among the few who are willing to expend such great pains on perfecting a piece of work. Even so, his orders for furniture, cigaret boxes and the like were few and far between, for he could not go out and do a selling job, and orders came haphazardly from friends and acquaintances.

It was a great disappointment to me, and a real loss to the community, that Joe could not have been put to work in a regular upholstery shop in the town. The trouble was, of course, very largely that of communication, for there is still a great selling job to be done where employers are concerned, and one of the chief stumbling blocks is just this -- communication.

Joe sold newspapers on a downtown street during rush hours. He earned only pennies but he liked the chance for contact with people. One of the very few ways I was able to give him any help at all was to make for him a number of communication cards so that he could exchange ideas with people. Similar cards will probably soon be available through the American Foundation for the Blind, but Joe's cards were only poor little 5 by 8 inch filing cards that my secretary and I slaved over every time an old set wore out.

He had been blind from birth and did not lose his hearing until he was about twelve, but his ability to travel alone as he did, was extraordinary. He was able to get about town by himself -- a big, and a complicated town. How he did it is more than I, as a blind person who depends so much on hearing, can ever understand. And certainly I would hesitate to encourage it. He used a cane, of course, and he knew the town well, having lived there all his life, except when he was sent away to attend a school for the blind.

His ability to continue perfect speech, even though he was forty-eight years away from the sound of his own voice, constantly amazed me. Why was Joe's speech so perfect? I don't think he would have known the answer, even had I asked him. I think it is even more important for the blind who lose their hearing to maintain good speech than it is for people who lose their sight to continue handwriting. Joe proved that it can be done. If families and others lower standards, let things slide, the deaf-blind person cannot afford to follow suit. And yet, it is necessary for the deaf-blind person to insist on help, on constructive criticism from friends and family. Perhaps here is an area in which deaf-blind people can request the services of the home teacher, not only for direct help, but in showing the family how to keep up their standards of speech.

As you can gather, I, as a home teacher, was able to do practically nothing in the line of my usual work with my friend, but he certainly was able to do a great deal for me. He helped me, not only with other deaf-blind clients, but with all my clients. It was a good ten block walk from my office to his home, but it was a walk I always took happily.

-- Evelyn Smith Ritter
Formerly a home teacher

THE HUNGER FOR BEAUTY

(An excerpt from Glimpses into a Hidden World by Frieda Le Pla)

Probably few deaf-blind folk, other than the definitely artistic, are conscious of a hunger for beauty, or recognize it for what it is. Yet, consciously or unconsciously, that hunger does exist in most deaf-blind persons as in most normal sighted-hearing ones. Probably, too, few of the latter realize this need for beauty in deaf-blind life - at any rate, not to anything like the extent in which they recognize other deaf-blind needs; and for some people beauty is regarded as a non-essential luxury rather than as a fundamental and important influence in the growth and blossoming of the human soul.

Perhaps this endlessly unsatisfied craving for beauty is explanation -- or part of the explanation -- why the more artistic deaf-blind, when out for a walk, can sometimes feel so thrilled by the few slighter impressions that come to them through the senses of smell and touch - the scent of lilac or hawthorn, the touch of a silken-fringed satiny young beech leaf not long escaped from its brown wrappings, or the soft fur of a cat met on the way. These things may, indeed, bring a very rapture of pleasure incomprehensible to a non-artistic, less responsible escort who might be tempted to think it out of all proportion to the cause, and to regard it with a tinge of superior amusement as being a case of "little things pleasing little minds." The sighted companion would need to realize that these things do more than convey their own beauty to the deaf-blind person. They also convey a more vivid consciousness, and therefore a more vivid mental picture, of the lovely objects which produce the fragrance or silkiness, so that the deaf-

blind person gets a vision of the whole lilac tree or beech tree itself in all its splendour, and the starved aesthetic nature can derive a certain degree of satisfaction from that as well as from the fragrance or satiny touch.

One can, in fact, feel almost enfolded by beauty as one breathes in the fragrance of a wood while feeling the soft velvety touch of its moss beneath one's (preferably bare) feet; or when one walks in a hawthorn-scented field where springy grass under one's feet makes movement a pleasure; or when one holds the soft-furred, graceful form of a cat in one's lap, and feels the vibration of his musical purr against one's hand. Most deaf-blind folk also revel in the touch of the sun's warmth or the fire's glow, and have a great love of sitting where they can feel either, not simply for the physical enjoyment of the warmth and glow, but also because these things convey a sense of brightness and colour bringing a mental picture, perhaps of a sunlit garden or field, or a firelit gloaming with its mingling of red-gold light and grey shadows. Walking barefoot over sun-warmed wet sands, with the waves of the sea rippling or dashing over one's feet, conveys a vivid mental picture of sun-lit, silver-crested, blue-green waves coming in from a vast expanse of sea beneath a blue sky; and one's mental ears can hear the mighty music they make as they come, while its enchanting seaweedy fragrance makes more real the presence of crimson and brown and green seaweeds.

So if any of your deaf-blind friends seem to have a mania for their walks to be in the woods or fields, or for being installed on the sunny side of a railway carriage or by a sunny window; or if there is a propensity

to seek a fireside nook or, in warm weather, a preference for sitting out in a fragrant garden instead of being in a room where neither sunshine nor fire is available -- then be understanding and sympathetic, and try to fulfil these longings. Moreover, the sense of beauty, through whatever channel it comes, not only gives pleasure and satisfaction to the aesthetic nature, but also has a curiously liberating, expanding effect on heart and soul, so that it becomes easier to open out to a friend and to respond more fully -- in short, easier to be oneself, when in this contact with fragrance, sunshine, or fire.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

By request, we are repeating the following address: Hadley Correspondence School, 620 Lincoln Avenue, Winnetka, Illinois.

We have been asked to print the following announcement:

Joint Uniform Braille Committee

At the 1950 Conventions of both the AAIB and the AAWB, resolutions were adopted creating a Joint Uniform Braille Committee, consisting of three members from each Association, and with the duties and functions to "consult, study, and make appropriate recommendations toward the promotion and increased facility of tactile reading, including not only literary notation, but also such technical forms of Braille as music, mathematics, and science."

In accordance with these resolution, appointments of Committee members were made by the Presidents of the two Associations, and the full membership of the Committee is at present:

For the AAIB:

Miss Marjorie S. Hooper, Braille and Large Type Editor,
American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Kentucky

Mr. Paul J. Langan, Superintendent, Kentucky School for the Blind,
Louisville, Kentucky

Mr. L. W. Rodenberg, Printer, Illinois School for the Blind, Jackson-
ville, Illinois (authority on Braille music notation and also
one of the three American representatives to the 1932 Type
Conference in London)

For the AAWB:

Mr. Alfred Allen, Assistant Director, American Foundation for the
Blind, New York, N.Y.

Mr. R. W. Beath, Chief Librarian, Canadian National Institute for
the Blind, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Mr. Bernard L. Krebs, Librarian, New York Guild for the Jewish
Blind, New York, N.Y. (President of the Braille Club)

At the organizational meeting of the Joint Uniform Braille Committee in April
of this year, Mr. Langan was elected Chairman and Miss Hooper as Secretary.

A survey of the immediate technical problems to be studied by the Com-
mittee showed that three general problems need consideration, namely,
Literary Braille (including the Standard Braille Codebook, as well as the
rules of usage), Mathematical Braille, and Braille Music Notation. With
regard to Literary Braille, it is the feeling of the Joint Committee that
the nearly twenty years which have ensued since the adoption of Standard
English Braille in 1932 have demonstrated that there is a need for further
clarification and reediting of the official Code. The Committee therefore
wishes to undertake a study along these lines in cooperation with the British
National Uniform Type Committee.

First, however, the members of our American Committee would like to
enlist the help and suggestions of all persons in this country and Canada
interested in the problems of braille, so that they might have the benefit

of the opinions of the field at large. All individuals interested in braille -- particularly grade 2 braille -- are therefore asked to submit in writing to the Secretary of the Joint Uniform Braille Committee a list of troublesome braille problems with suggestions and criticisms for the Committee's consideration.

Please know that it is the intent of the Joint Uniform Braille Committee to obtain as full a representation as possible of general opinion on braille matters before making any decisions or recommendations of any sort, and everyone is invited to make such suggestions as they would like at this time.

All suggestions and proposals must be submitted in writing by January 2, 1952, to Miss Marjorie Hooper, Secretary, Joint Uniform Braille Committee, 1839 Frankfort Avenue, Louisville 6, Kentucky.

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Mr. Potts

TOUCH-AND GO

Volume V

September, 1951

No. 7

(Inkprint Edition)

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TOUCH-AND GO

Volume 5

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MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

After long weeks of sultry summer heat, we greet you again and "touch your hand" through the covers of this little magazine. A handclasp can show so much--warmth, interest, acceptance and understanding. Touch holds a world of meaning for all of us and for this reason we have decided not to change the name of the magazine. However, we have altered the set-up in order to emphasize the original meaning of the title by placing a dash after the word "Touch." Through touch--go forward to accomplishment. The dash brings out this significance and the suggestion was made by Miss Freida LePla of England. We are delighted with the idea, which seems so simple, but which alters the whole effect of the expression "Touch--and Go." Some of you call it "Tag" for short, and we like the nickname, too.

It takes courage to live in the land of touch and it can be physically exhausting. One of our readers describes it well. "I believe you understand by now that we deaf-blind live by the motion of our weary hands! From the moment we wake in the morning, and 'look' at the time on our Baby Bens, we do things with our hands. And at night, sleepless for many hours, we still use our hands, writing little letters on our small slates, or reading ourselves to sleep." You are tired, yes, but you carry on without defeat.

As I write this, Betsie and I are about to leave on our vacation, but by the time you read it we will almost be ready to come back. We have had a busy summer, going to Michigan, Florida and South Carolina. One morning we overslept and missed the plane to Florida. This made things terribly complicated, changing reservations and so forth. However, the most amusing

episode of the whole summer happened in Daytona Beach at the A.A.W.B. convention.

The convention was hot and crowded. Betsie, who is regrettably conceited, stirs up antagonism in other guide dogs when she gets too close to them and I have to watch her carefully. She ignores regular dogs, but I firmly believe she gives every guide dog "a dirty look." For this reason, I left her one morning in the third floor, ocean front room of a friend where she could be almost cool and could run loose without her leash or harness. Then I went down to the first floor to a room full of people and dogs to attend a meeting. Two hours later, there was a commotion with barks from all sides. Betsie came bouncing into the meeting, looking for me, head high and tail waving. She passed six guide dogs without even glancing their way and I couldn't scold her for taking advantage of the maid who innocently opened the door of the bedroom.

During the convention at Daytona Beach, the home teachers there were so much interested in serving deaf-blind people that they requested a special meeting to discuss the problems. It was thrilling to realize that some of the seeds of thought we have been planting along the way are taking root.

Annette B. Dinsmore, Consultant
Services for the Deaf-Blind

A Pen Portrait

Nothing gives us greater pleasure than letters from our deaf-blind friends. Through these we recognize a bond of understanding which grows constantly, and individual personalities stand out vividly. We know that you will all enjoy this letter from one of you, a letter which reveals a sensitive appreciation of beauty, genuine humor, with a quality of expression that paints a picture in striking colors.

Dear Miss Dinsmore:

It is so beautiful here. The sun is just warm enough and the little wind that comes dawdling along stops to tattle about the gorgeous roses and the shameful way they flaunt their beauty; it tells about the honeysuckle and the way it is luring the bees to come and drink; of the small orange grove down the way and how its lovely blossoms are yearning to adorn a bride--of new-cut grass and water that makes the air cool and sweet. It is so beautiful today and I am glad to be able to enjoy it.

I love to cook and keep house. I have learned to stick to the simple way of doing things and to use simple and easy-to-prepare recipes. I taught myself to read braille in 1939 and after one visit from the home teacher, learned to write it.

In the three years that I have written braille, I have made many braille-land friends and have come to love them and to admire them. Both the deaf-blind and hearing blind are among my pals. They are all a grand and spunky crew

Now I want you to meet Lollypops. Lollypops is strictly Grade A, pure-dee mutt, but with a heart of gold. He was eleven years old on

July 4, and generously shares his birthday with Uncle Sam. Since he was born, he's been with us and is my watchdog. Part collie, (he looks just like one, except for a bobbed tail), and part cocker spaniel; and the size of a spaniel, he is one fierce and loyal dog.

Christmas Eve night, when I was here alone while Stubby (my hubby), was at work, a prowler tried to break into the house. Lolly caught the would-be intruder, and, good little guard that he is, he didn't stop to ask questions, but went right to work. He was ~~kicked~~ and hurt but he ran the prowler off. A big rose trellis in front of the window was torn down in the scuffle. Lolly is a very necessary part of this household, and he knows it, too.

Wishing you and Betsy "blue skies" and sunny days, starry nights and moonlit ways, for now and for keeps.

Sincerely yours,

Lillie Sabinske

DINNER FOR DICK

As some of you may know, Richard Kinney and Henry Damm, his companion-guide, are in New York for a short training period at the Industrial Home for the Blind.

On Monday, August 13, a small dinner was given in their honor. Miss Gruber, an assistant director of the American Foundation for the Blind, and Miss Dinsmore (who needs no introduction), acted as hostesses. Peter Salmon, Lou Bettica and Harry Spar, of the Industrial Home, were also present, with Robert Smithdas and John Spainer, his companion-guide. Mr. Salmon graciously consented to act as master of ceremonies. The secretarial staff, past and present, of the department of services for the deaf-blind-- Marta Sobieski and Louise Rauch--and Abe Nemeth, our braille expert, brought the guest list to an even dozen.

It was a wonderful opportunity to meet two outstanding deaf-blind men--one just embarking on his college career, and the other forging further ahead to attain his master's degree.

Each guest was called upon to tell briefly how he or she first became interested in deaf-blind people. Because we feel that Richard Kinney's extemporaneous speech was so splendid, we asked him to send it to us--from memory. He spoke as follows:

"The first part of our topic need not detain us long. I am simply one of 2,500 or more persons living in the United States who can neither see nor hear. The story of my interest in deaf-blind people is largely the story of how I happen to be here tonight.

At the outset, let me echo Mr. Salmon's comments on the power of inspiration. I know that the courageous example of other deaf-blind

people has been the greatest single help to me. My adjustment to the double handicap began the day an enterprising home teacher informed me of the magazines published for our special benefit.

An old saying has it that misery loves company, but this is certainly not true of our magazines. In them I found for the first time letters, articles and stories about, or by, people handicapped even as I am. By reading about what other deaf-blind persons can do, I was set to thinking about what I could learn to do. A whole new world of letter-friendship was opened up as the first walls of isolation crumbled away.

One day a little over a year ago, I read the inspiring news of Robert Smithdas' graduation from St. Johns University. I had begun college before my hearing failed. Was there a bare chance that I might resume it now?

What obstacles have been overcome and what kindness has been shown to me since that day, some of you here know. To all who have lent their aid, and in particular to Miss Dinsmore, without whose tireless help I would not be with you this evening, go my deepest thanks.

I feel fortunate in having to work with me a young man of unusual understanding in Henry Damm. We know that under Mr. Bettica's direction at the Industrial Home for the Blind, we are receiving the best possible preparation for our effort.

I can't pretend to be even an amateur expert on the problems of deaf-blindness. Yet, purely as a layman, I'd like to make one observation. To me, a striking thing is that so often the achievements of a deaf-blind person are proportional to his opportunities.

Almost all of our highly successful doubly-handicapped people have had the benefit of a good education, of excellent training, or perhaps of understanding help from some member of the family. As facilities grow, can we look forward to a day when the very best possible training will be available for all who can profit by it?

I think that we can. Then will follow the years when we will read, not about a few deaf-blind persons doing exceptional things, but about the great majority of our group leading normal, happy, useful lives.

I pray that through my writing and the opportunity about to be mine, I can even slightly speed the day."

PERSONALLY YOURS

Since our "roving reporter" is really roving this summer, we find ourselves faced with the necessity of substituting for her. In order not to confuse you, we will make no attempt to imitate her style. You would soon recognize the lack of her professional touch. However, we do want to introduce to you a deaf-blind man whom many of you know--Morris Strong, of "Basement by the Bay," near Pontiac, Michigan.

Morris is an attractive man with a striking personality which has won him many friends. He has an inexhaustible supply of energy and a variety of talents. He is a mechanic, carpenter, electrician, weaver, husband, father, grandfather, and occasionally a deep sea diver.

Morris and his wife, Mary, have been living for about a year in the basement of what is to be their new home, hence the name, "Basement by the Bay." All summer, Morris has been building the top part of the house with a minimum of help from neighbors. He alone wired the house in such expert fashion that it passed the inspection required by state law. Morris and Mary take great interest in local activities among the blind and Morris leads the way for many of the others. The following ^aexcerpt from a letter written to us by Morris some time ago will give you a vivid picture of him, showing his industry and quick wit. It was written at a time when his two daughters, Betty and Pat, were still in school, before they ventured out into the world of matrimony, before we had a right to call Morris "Grampa."

"Playing the showman at a state fair is exciting, but also very exhausting; especially when it is taken on without lessening of other daily work routine.

One night, we dragged an extra large trailer into the yard, and with the help of two friends we shoved the following aboard: one rug loom, one library table, one braille Bible, one lot of varied braille periodicals, two ten-foot sawhorse picnic tables borrowed from the church on the corner, about forty rugs, and a miscellany of fabric weavings. Also, a couple of braille writers, tools, extension cords, Talking Book, and heaven knows what else. Then we went around and picked up more stuff, knitting and crocheting, a chair and stool with different caning, and some folding metal chairs.

All went smoothly till we attempted to drive right into the building where we were putting up the show. The top of the doorway was low and the upright bars of the loom hooked on to the top of the door. Before Mary could stop the truck, the loom slid back a couple of feet on the trailer, the two bars distinctly bent the hard way of straightening, and there were two very apprehensive squeals from our daughters, who had been enjoying the trip by riding in the trailer. When the loom started sliding their way, they thought it would keep right on and catch them in a pinch between it and the tail gate. But it didn't. I disassembled the loom again next day and let the public see how a blind mechanic could use a sledge hammer and straight edge to restore bent bars to normalcy. That night we simply unloaded into our space, set up front counters bare, and left things stacked to await trimming on the morrow.

Next day, Mrs. Chapman, wife of a blind man, went with us. We armed ourselves with a dozen tubes each of white and darker-than-medium blue crepe paper. Also, Scotch tape by the mile, a barrel or so of thumb tacks, and

all the braille paper I had at home for sign making. I didn't find about the latter being purloined until I started to write an emergency braille letter, and then I couldn't find any paper.

While I went ahead with straightening the loom bars, Mary, Mrs. Chapman, Betty and Pat went into the trimming business. All tables were skirted with pleated blue crepe paper, and topped with white. The back of our space was a full length counter for selling horse race tickets, with a wire grille above the chest-high counter. Naval Air Reserve had fifty feet of space next door to us, already set up, and were very interested in eyeing us, especially our two daughters. They had brought in much more rich blue velvet drapes than they needed, and offered us the use of what they didn't require. Very good. We used this to cover the wire wicket, and using a long folding table, also lent by the Navy, odd wooden strips and stretched wire made a two foot shelf all the way across. On this, draped down over the edge, my rugs were hung; and the Bible went on the shelf for a centerpiece; miscellaneous articles were scattered on either side of it along the shelf. The space under this shelf made a fine storage for crates, cardboard boxes, and whatnot. It even made out as a dressing room for the girls to change out of jeans, and for me to shift from sweaty, greasy clothes. It was a bedroom, also! A one-armed chap we know here had been having a tough time getting odd jobs, so he slept in a local park in the summer, and ate at the Salvation Army. He hoped he could get a job at the fair as 'grounds clean-up', so we took him along and worked him through on a pass. He got the job, but they paid only on weekends for the week before, so we saw to it that he had a bite to eat every day and brought in a folding canvas cot and

old blankets to make him passably comfortable in the makeshift bedroom. Zealous fair watchmen heard him snoring one night, located him and drove him out. Mary laced into them next day to such effect that they not only let him return to sleep thereafter, but found occasion to pass him odd sandwiches and coffee.

Our main motive was to make the exhibit as interesting as possible for the public to learn the various helps for, and various capabilities of, the blind. We made no attempt to high-pressure the sales, being content to let possible buyers interest themselves. This did show up, for we sold close to \$200 worth of stuff, mostly leather goods and crocheting. Not a single item of my making moved, which was quite surprising. It is possible that the rugs were too bulky for possible buyers to consider lugging all over the fair.

A company in Kalamazoo had lent me a metal-turning lathe and drill press for display, even paying for trucking it down, and insisting that I ship back at their expense. I was very happy to get this to play with at the fair, and it was markedly a crowd-stopper. Often there was such a jam in front of me that Mary had to tell me quietly to stop for a while to disperse a crowd that had not moved for fifteen or twenty minutes. Mary said that the various attitudes exhibited by onlookers was most edifying. The first ones along would look over the other exhibits casually, drift on, almost pass me, then see the sign which I leaned against the lathe base. The words on it seemed to stop them, and they'd look with curiosity at me running the lathe, then give up passing on to just stand and stare. Usually, their first looks showed incredulity. Then, quite often, some of

them would take on expressions of fascinated horror, ready to see a finger or two come off my hand. Others just watched with lively interest, not quite comprehending. Still others, who were familiar with such machines, passed quickly from incredulity to very appreciative understanding, and figuratively held their breaths. As I stopped the work to make split hair measurements, they fairly beamed as they saw my measuring tool, indicating that I had achieved correct measurements. They would usually try to talk to me, then Mary, Betty or Pat would come over to bat here. The crowd seemed to move in masses of about twenty-five to one hundred people; They'd build up a few at a time, but would break away in larger chunks. One fact was curiously shown; that while the trend of audience travel was so that the machines would be the last seen on the way by (and most of the spectators going by simply glanced at the rest of the display without stopping), when the crowd in front of the machines broke, a good percentage would buck the current to go back and look over the display of other things made by the blind far more closely. Mary demonstrated the pocket braille writer by asking names and writing them out, then tearing them off to pass out as souvenirs.

Newspaper photographers were all over the place. As I worked, there were photo flash bulbs going off in my face about as bad as lightning in a violent storm. I had a little reflex jump at such flashes, but that was all the bother to it, save when it came just as I switched on the motor, or as the cutting tool took hold of work. Then I thought I'd blown a motor or something, and my reflex went into a lightning grab for the cutoff switch."

BY-PASSING THE HAT

When a man walks in to purchase a hat,
He looks at a few and says: "I'll take that."
But when a woman buys her chapeau
The ordeal is often painful and slow.

She tries on this and she tries on that-
One makes her look thin; the other too fat.
If one suits her hair, it won't flatter her face;
And then she tries everything on in the place.

Then she starts all over, goes through the same grind,
But still the dear lady can't make up her mind.
So she finally selects half-a-dozen or more,
And these are sent out to her house from the store.

When hubby comes home she begins to unwrap,
And the scene that ensues will result in a scrap.
He chooses a model and says: "It looks great."
(He saw the price tag, only two ninety-eight.)

Here the situation reaches its crux
When she picks out the one that costs twenty bucks.
She lays it aside on a nearby chair
Where the bull pup spies it and starts in to tear.

Unmoved by her wailing and flood of hot tears
The old man insists she make over last year's.
She threatens to pack and go home to her mother;
For more than a week, they don't speak to each other.

He imagines he won but learns his mistake
When later she evens the score.
She buys a fur coat which now sets him back
Three hundred dollars or more.

But, as time passes by, they kiss and make up.
Eventually, she will forgive that bull pup.
Just a thumbnail sketch of a husband and wife
Taking some of the hurdles of sweet married life.

--Simon Simonton

EXCERPT FROM AN OHIO NEWSPAPER

Many Miamisburg residents will be interested in learning that Burnett ("Burnie") Devine, of Dayton, former Miamisburg resident, is still building birdhouses and scattering them about the world, giving them to famous people.

Just recently Burnie completed his 1,000th birdhouse and sought to have it placed in some very special spot by way of celebration. Today it rests in a holly tree at the national shrine of Mount Vernon, George Washington's home in Virginia.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Hadley Correspondence School announces the publication of Braille Bulletin Number 24, listing and describing the seventy tuition-free home-study courses offered in braille by the Hadley School. The Hadley curriculum now includes four University of Chicago courses, three in English and one in psychology.

For your copy of this braille bulletin, write to: The Hadley Correspondence School for the Blind, Inc., 620 Lincoln Avenue, Winnetka, Illinois.

On June 18, at 11:07 P.M., a baby girl, Melva Ruth, was born to John and Ruth Washington of 918 Whitted Street, Durham, North Carolina.

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HOBO

The stray pup came, as hobos do,

Without an invitation;

He sauntered up the avenue

And stopped for information.

With a winsome wag and a wicked leer,

He asked my little daughter

If a well-bred tramp might sojourn here.

And I guess he sort of caught her

In an ace-high mood, and he caught me, too--

And so he took his lodging.

We talked of the pound and (in fun) the zoo,

But the scamp proved apt at dodging.

Now he owns the house and we all must board

Like pensioners on his bounty.

He's the third-worst pest in our voting ward--

And the best-blamed dog in the county.

--Richard Kinney

MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

June is the month of roses, of Japanese beetles and June bugs. It is the month for brides, sweet girl graduates, and Sunday School picnics. For mother, June means lots of extra cleaning, taking down drapes, putting away woollens, cleaning out closets; while the school teacher and her pupils rejoice in shutting the classroom door for more than two months of rest and freedom. Flag Day comes along on June 14 with a bit of celebration, but Father's Day, the third Sunday of the month, is tucked in quietly, almost unnoticed in the excitement of other activities. It seems a pity that father has to take a back seat, but it is really difficult for him to compete. It always seemed to me that father should have been honored in March, to give him more prestige and to comfort him when he has to face his income tax on March 15.

June 21 is the longest day in the year and seems even longer to us who have daylight saving time. Daylight saving time is wonderful in many ways, but it complicates life for Betsie and me when we are traveling. The problem of figuring out the time we must leave to catch a certain plane or bus presents difficulties almost beyond my mathematical ability. I am never entirely sure whether to subtract an hour or add one and Betsie and I spent two hours waiting in a station recently because I had done the opposite calculation. Long ago I gave up setting my watch to agree with the town we are visiting, but this means mental gymnastics whenever I look at the time. However, there is one pleasure I enjoy to the utmost, and that is waking up by my "daylight saving" watch, in a town that is on standard time, and realizing that I can turn over for another hour's sleep. Betsie seems to enjoy this extra nap, too.

Touch and Go goes on its vacation. All of you who have been reading our little magazine for several years know that it is not printed during July and August, but we are reminding you here so that you will not find yourself looking for it in the mail for the next two months. Betsie and I will be going on vacation also, but not for that length of time. First, we must visit the summer school for teachers of deaf-blind children in Michigan and then go to the conference of the American Association of Workers for the Blind which is being held in Daytona Beach, Florida, this year. Since I used to teach in the Florida School for the Deaf and Blind in St. Augustine, I am hoping to see a few old friends down there if time permits. Then the first two weeks of July will be spent in South Carolina working with the home teachers of that state and I hope we will have the pleasure of meeting some new deaf-blind friends then. If we are not completely wilted by that time we will return to the office the middle of July to catch up with the work here before our own vacation, the latter part of August.

All of us at the Foundation hope that you have a happy summer!

--Annette B. Dinsmore, Consultant
Services for the Deaf-Blind

PERSONALLY YOURS

Want a sure fire technique for chasing away the handicap blues? Bud Spilker out in Cleveland, Ohio, is the number one gloom chaser in this department. Here is his recipe-"stick-to-itis" seasoned with a sense of humor.

This "stick-to-itis" is not a new kind of mucilage, but it is a word which Bud has coined; and it could mean that it is a good strong adhesive patch when our dreams explode in mid-air. And then again it could be that knot that you hold onto when you think you have reached the end of that well-known rope.

Bud is living proof that the recipe is a tested and true one. He is the owner of a successful business, "Bud's Better Bristle Brushes", which he started fourteen years ago. He is both deaf and blind, but his Joe Miller joke book sense of humor conquers and wins friends for him.

His inventive genius is forever evident in the repairs he makes to his machinery and the devices he dreams up to facilitate his work. He can count one hundred inventions in his career.

"Every time I make a new kind of brush I have to invent some device, either to hold it or trim it," he says. On one occasion he used one of his mother's old corset stays to repair a forty-year-old braille writer, most of the parts of which were made up by Bud.

In requesting a new writer to replace his "tired old Grandpa" he described the repair job he had done on it like this: "The escaper has springs made from Mom's old corset stays. All the snap is out of them. They didn't hold her bulges in when they were in the corset, much less have enough spring left to make a braille writer work right."

Handicapped by blindness and by deafness, at first he was looking for a job just to keep busy. He learned belt making and kindergarten block making, as a first step. The "Better Bristle Brush Business" was the outgrowth of a course he took at Grasselli House, or the Cleveland Society for the Blind.

Later, he bought out his cousin's brush factory when his cousin went to war. Business expanded and he built a modern shop on to the garage. "I had war orders and trained two deaf-blind men to make brushes, and about a dozen hearing blind," according to Bud.

The name of his business is a tongue-twister. If you don't believe it, try saying it very fast, when it sounds something like "Bud's Better Bristle Bustles" or maybe worse. He picked the name after taking an advertising course and learning the value of eye-catching trade names.

"There's always a new kind of brush coming out every week," Bud reports. "I make all kinds of hand-drawn brushes, but I specialize in about five types, making each in many sizes and in many different materials. I make about a thousand floor brushes a month. We also drill blocks for other associations, workshops and schools."

All the bookkeeping is done by Bud in braille. Versatility should be his middle name, because he likes to make things around the house, put up screens, build cellar steps and make all kinds of repairs, as well as inlay linoleum blocks.

Bud takes fifteen magazines a month in braille and reads them cover to cover, also several books on science and invention. He writes a column entitled "Workshop" for one magazine.

When Annette Dinsmore, of the American Foundation for the Blind, visited his shop not long ago, he presented her with a set of alphabet brushes, little brushes representing the fingers in the position of the different manual letters. She was delighted with them.

Bud lists cooking as another hobby. He says one of his faults is making his friends eat what he cooks. He showed Miss Dinsmore his braille cookbook during her visit. This has been carefully covered, as have all his books.

He confided in Miss Dinsmore that he hesitated about having his cooking ability known, as next year is leap year, and he is afraid it will give the girls ideas!

In listing Bud's fascinating abilities, we forgot to mention that he is not married. So, leaving the best information to the last, we will close up our interview this month with the comment that if Bud gets too many proposals as the result of this publicity, the only solution for him will be to give the gals the brush. Who else is better equipped?

WHAT CHORE DO YOU DISLIKE?

What household chore do women most hate doing? According to a nationwide survey by the Gallup poll, it is laundry and ironing.

The May issue of a popular women's magazine lists the pet household dislike of men as washing dishes, which wouldn't surprise anyone.

According to the survey, which covered all forty-eight states and included a scientifically chosen cross-section of men and women, each person was asked to say what household task he or she liked or disliked the most.

By a big margin women chose cooking as the most liked. The reason? That sense of creativeness when they turn out a perfect soufflé or a delicious cake. Other household chores by comparison often seem just monotonous repetition. Men, too, listed experimenting with cooking first among their likes.

Here is a list of percentages as follows. How do you compare with the rest of the population?

Chores women hate:	Laundry and ironing, 28 per cent
	Dishes, 21 per cent
	Housecleaning, dusting, scrubbing, 21 per cent
	Cooking, 7 per cent
	Tending fire, emptying ashes, 2 per cent
	Mending, 1 per cent
	Picking up about the house, 1 per cent
	Other chores, 3 per cent
	Dislike everything, 3 per cent
	No choice, don't dislike any particular chore, 13 per cent

Chores women like:	Cooking, 43 per cent
	Housecleaning, 17 per cent
	Laundry, 15 per cent
	Mending, 6 per cent
	Dishes, 2 per cent
	Like everything, 5 per cent
	Other chores, 7 per cent
	No choice, don't like any particular job, 7 per cent

Chores men hate:	Dishes, 25 per cent
	Housecleaning, 13 per cent
	Laundry, 6 per cent
	Cooking, 6 per cent
	Tending fire, 5 per cent
	Picking up about the house, 2 per cent
	Other chores, 14 per cent
	Dislike everything, 4 per cent
	No choice, don't dislike any particular chore, 24 per cent

Chores men like:	Cooking, 19 per cent
	Housecleaning, 12 per cent
	Dishes, 7 per cent
	Gardening, 5 per cent
	Handyman jobs, repair work, 5 per cent
	Laundry, 3 per cent
	Other chores, 19 per cent
	Like everything, 4 per cent
	No choice, don't like any particular job, 27 per cent

The survey shows that six out of every ten American males (62 per cent) help regularly with the housework.

HELEN KELLER PARTY IS HOMEWARD BOUND

As you read this, the Helen Keller adventures in South Africa will be culminated, for the travelers are due to arrive in New York City about June 12.

However, just to bring the record of the travels up to date, it will be necessary to tell of the fascinating experiences the party has had in the past month with visits to Capetown, Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, Lovedale, East London, and Durban.

Proof that a celebrity's life is a busy and tiring one is given by a glance at the list of Capetown activities. A letter received from Alfred Allen of the American Foundation relates that morning teas, a mayor's luncheon, visits to deaf and blind societies, exhibitions, public meetings of school children, and visits to schools for the blind, took up a major portion of their time. At each one of these functions Miss Keller made a speech in support of the work of the South African National Councils for the Deaf and for the Blind.

One of the most interesting parts of Allen's letter was his description of Xhosa Village, where they saw native life as it is lived today.

The group went to the village from Lovedale, a mission station operated by the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The mission has about 1,250 natives in residence, either as students, nurses, patients, or employees. "On a Sunday morning, church service was held under a grove of large oak trees, and the singing of the native choir was magnificent. In place of the sermon, Helen addressed the congregation and it was most impressive. The place is in charge of a Dr. Shepard, a charming Scot, and his equally charming wife,

who have dedicated their lives to missionary service among the native peoples," according to Mr. Allen's letter.

"During our stay we were driven to Xhosa Village where we saw native life as it is lived out in the reservations--the people living in very primitive round mud clay huts with thatched roofs, and dressing either in an amazing array of blankets and headgear or else hardly at all. We were taken into one such hut, which though primitive and almost barren of furniture was spotlessly clean except for blackened straw thatching caused by the smoke from the fires built in the middle of the floor, when it is too cold to build a fire outside. Many of these native people are heathen, and to indicate this they paint their faces, some white, some yellow, some a sort of orange red," he reports.

From Lovedale they went to East London by car, and there visited the Holiday Home, which operates as a kind of a sheltered home for men and women who are blind. Only one of a married couple need be blind to gain admittance.

Then they went to an East London native location "where Helen opened a new recreation hall for the native blind. This is the first of its kind. It is hoped that many more will follow in various parts of the Union as projects of the National War Memorial Fund provided by white troops for the natives in gratitude for their work during the war. Natives dressed in tribal costume with painted faces were in great abundance. One native chief and his wife sat on the platform/^{and}during the ceremony made a presentation to Helen."

The party went to Durban by air and there attended many meetings. "Durban is the most racially divided of any of the cities we have visited

so far and there is apparently no possibility of compromise and of the getting together of the groups, as in most cases the law will not permit it," according to our correspondent.

At Durban the party watched a display given by a group of natives for their benefit.

"It was a somewhat amazing display, staged out in the bush by thousands of fanatical natives with real spears. Similar displays occurred just before the natives attacked the whites during the period of the Zulu wars. It was most entertaining, staged on a beautiful green lawn before a small audience of placid onlookers. At the end Helen was presented with a shield and a small stick (a substitute for the spears of the fighting men)," the letter states.

In closing our travelogue, Mr. Allen predicts that the government of South Africa is heading toward the founding of a Republic, and the gradual forfeiting of citizenship for all people who do not agree with it. He foresees the elimination of the English language there and of all people with English roots. "Oddly enough," Mr. Allen concludes, "the government is fairly generous in its treatment of the blind, and I have discussed the problem several times with the Minister of Social Welfare and the Minister of Health. Both are sympathetic to the cause of the native blind. Until the racial question is finally disposed of in the proper way, everything will suffer, including welfare services."

THE CHIPMUNK WHO FOUND COMPLETE SECURITY

Once upon a time a young chipmunk named Everett was graduated from college and came home to visit his father, an elderly gentleman who lived under an oak log near Covington, Kentucky.

The first night he was home, Everett swaggered down the tunnel into the burrow dining room and helped himself to a big meal of his father's choicest seeds. Then he selected one of his father's best cigars, a full inch long and all Havana.

"It's nice to have you home again, son," Mr. Chipmunk said.

"Yep," said Everett. "Must be."

"But," said Mr. Chipmunk, "I suppose you'll soon be leaving to look for a job."

Everett flicked his cigar ash onto the rug. "Not a chance, Pop. Definitely not a chance. The fact is, I don't like the whole economic system today."

Mr. Chipmunk twitched a whisker ever so slightly. "What's the matter with it, son?"

"No security," Everett chirped. "The way I see it, the state ought to take over. Give you a safe job, give you a snug, warm place to live, give you plenty of seeds to eat, give you free medical care, give you free clothes, give you--"

Mr. Chipmunk gently raised a protesting paw. "Now, just a minute, son. I'm proud of the American system. Lived by it all my life. I've worked hard, managed to save a few seeds every year, and we've not done too badly. The mortgage on our log is fully paid up. I was able to send you through

high school and Chipmunk Aggies. And in a year or two, I think I can retire--"

Everett grinned at him. "Wise up, Pop! Wise up! Why beat your brains out? If the state'll give you everything, what's the sense of scurrying all over the forest trying to earn a buck?"

Mr. Chipmunk's tail snapped irritably. "Now listen, son. In the first place, stop calling me Pop. In the second place, you'd find that if you got complete security, you'd lose your freedom. If the state were to give you everything, it would control everything. Control you body and soul. I don't believe you'd like that."

Everett burst out laughing. "Stow it, old timer, stow it! You just haven't got the word yet, that's all. But you'll learn." He whacked his father a jovial blow across the stripes. "Say, sport, how about lending me the car tonight. Big dance going on down in the meadow."

Mr. Chipmunk reached into his pocket for the keys. "Drive slowly, son. Lots of rabbits tearing around in cars these days. You can't be too careful."

"Don't worry about this lad, Pop. I can drive circles around any little old rabbit that ever came down the path."

Next morning at seven o'clock the phone rang beside Mr. Chipmunk's bed. "Sorry to bother you, sir," said a voice, "but your boy had an accident last night. Smashed up a couple of rabbits in a convertible. Frankly, sir, he'd been drinking. We had to put him in jail."

"I'll be right over," Mr. Chipmunk said tensely. Twenty minutes later he arrived at the jail, a formidable structure the chipmunks had built by inverting an iron wash tub and imbedding the rim in solid rock. The sheriff led him to Everett's cell. Everett was alternately yelling and gnawing on the bars. "Lemme out!" he squawked. "Lemme out of this place!"

Mr. Chipmunk stared sadly at his son for a moment. Then, suddenly, he gave a little chuckle.

"What's funny?" Everett screamed. "Get me out of here!"

Mr. Chipmunk put a paw through the bars and patted Everett's head. "Tell me, son," he asked, "are they keeping you snug and warm?"

"Sure, but--"

"Are they giving you enough seeds to eat?"

"Sure, but--"

"Are they giving you free medical attention?"

"Medical attention, he says! Get me out--"

"And I dare say the good sheriff will find a safe, easy job for you-- on the rockpile. Am I right, sheriff?"

"Right," said the sheriff.

"And I suppose that the sheriff will even give you a free suit of clothes--a little number with horizontal stripes."

Everett looked aghast at his father. "Cut the comedy, Pop!" he wailed. "Get me out of this place!"

"No, son," said Mr. Chipmunk. "I'd like you to stay right here for a few days. I think you'll find it a rewarding experience."

"Why?" Everett screamed. "Tell me why, Pop!"

"Because, my boy," Mr. Chipmunk said, "it'll give you a very good idea what it's like to get complete security from the state."

Mr. Chipmunk winked at the sheriff, put on his hat, and walked out of the jail.

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Dr. Potts

TOUCH AND GO

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TOUCH AND GO

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FOR MOTHER ON HER DAY

Not gold, not pearls, nor anything,
Can buy such gifts as mothers bring---
Bring through a thousand childhood days,
Bring in a hundred heartfelt ways:
Abiding love, wise care no less,
Hands that heal and words that bless;
Time's dearest smiles, grief's saddest tears
Pure prayers that lighten all our years....
Mother, on this spring day and blue,
We bear our homeward gift to you--
Not gold, nor pearls, amassed from far,
But simple love for all you are.

--Richard Kinney

MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

May is here at last--graciously opening the door for us to the reawakening of life in the fragrance and tenderness of new growth everywhere. May is the spirit of youth and romance and brings a promise of things to come. Those of us who live in sections where there are sharp contrasts in climate know the full joy that comes with May's gentle breezes which seem to sweep the air free from the chill dampness of weeks just past. Sunlight sifts through the atmosphere, breathing a spirit of beauty and strength. It is fitting that we celebrate "Mother's Day" during May because the glory of nature itself helps to do her honor.

Life is full of surprises. No sooner had Marta Sobieski started on a literary career by writing for Touch and Go than she left us for fairer fields. Mr. Barnett, our executive director, took her to his office to make her his private secretary, giving her greater responsibility in recognition of her exceptional ability. The blame must fall on me because I boasted about her too often. In the months to come, you will learn to know our new secretary, Miss Louise Rauch. She is learning the work very quickly and already shows genuine interest in all of you and in serving you. She has a little dog, Terry, who shows much curiosity about Betsie when Miss Rauch comes home at night. Dogs are always quick to detect the odor of fellow canines. Betsie, I fear, thinks she is the only dog of any importance.

It seems to me that it is time for you to catch up with bits of news from our department. Betsie and I have taken only a few short trips this winter but shall be away much of the time in the next three months.

In February I took a short flight on my own, without Betsie and without the benefit of an airplane, by diving headlong down a staircase at a friend's home. I was patched up in a local hospital, with a bandage on my head and my right arm in a cast so that I looked like "the Spirit of '76" or as if I had just returned from Korea. Now, however, I am entirely in one piece again and Betsie seems much relieved. It is a good thing to have a tough head, isn't it?

One of our greatest concerns this winter has been for little deaf-blind children. There seem to be many more in the country than we had thought and there is a shortage of teachers. We are helping to sponsor a summer course this year, for the third time, to train teachers and hope this will relieve the situation. We have had a good many conferences with teachers and workers with little children and have written a pamphlet giving suggestions for parents of preschool deaf-blind children. If you know of any parents who would like such a pamphlet, you might suggest that they write for one.

Other bits of news--I had the pleasure of hearing Geraldine Lawhorn give a recital at a benefit program and was very proud of her. I also had an opportunity to meet Richard Kinney and found him delightful.

The month of May marks the end of my first year of directing our services. It has been one of the happiest years I have ever known and the response I have received from you, and from workers interested in your welfare, has been very encouraging. Even though there is still much to be done, this year has given the impetus for future achievements. Progress in the years to come will be accomplished, as it has in the past, largely through the interest and inspiration you have given us--you who are deaf-blind and for whom the service was established.

--Annette B. Dinsmore, Consultant
Services for the Deaf-Blind

PERSONALLY YOURS

"The trick that you, as a deaf-blind person, must learn is to make people want to help you. Patience should be your byword, not only for yourself, but also it is necessary to have patience with the persons who are trying to teach and help. Make it as pleasant as possible for the people in whom you have faith."

That's the advice of Louis Bettica, a young man from Brooklyn who is in his middle thirties, and who has been supervising and training deaf-blind workers for a number of years.

He is an enthusiastic fellow who, although visually handicapped himself, has proven that those without sight and hearing have a distinct right to earn a good living.

As head of the Brooklyn Industrial Home's program of services to the deaf-blind, he is in a position to know whereof he speaks. In his department there are twenty-eight deaf-blind persons employed with only five of the group receiving supplementary assistance from the welfare department. All except one are men, who are making from \$40 to \$55 a week at their jobs of sewing mops.

Tracing his progress, he started from the ground up. Upon his graduation from the Textile High School in New York in 1942, he began work at the Industrial Home, first as a worker in the mop department.

He was made assistant supervisor of the independent stand program in 1945, and inaugurated the homework program for the Industrial Home. Because of his unusual ability he was asked to take over his brother Vincent's pioneering work in the deaf-blind department when

Vincent died in 1947. Since that time he has built his department with the help of his assistant, John Summers, who is blind, and a half-time secretary. "This," he says, "makes a complete staff of two and a half."

Lou Bettica is married, lives in Flatbush, Brooklyn, and is the father of a three-year-old lad, Richard. With pardonable pride he describes "Dickie" as "forty pounds of wriggling muscle."

When asked about the Industrial Home for the Blind training center which is designed for the rehabilitation of deaf-blind persons, Bettica described the training processes with a glowing enthusiasm.

"At the Center, two or three work processes are taught, including mop sewing and broom winding. Depending on individual progress, it takes as short a time as six months to change a deaf-blind person from a dependent stay-at-home to a happy, productive worker. Formerly it took a minimum of two years to complete the course, but experience in training has shortened the period considerably," he reports.

The old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is one of Bettica's firm beliefs. Twenty-one of the deaf-blind workers at the Industrial Home are members of the Light Buoy Club, which covers the recreation field with such activities as dancing, bingo, fishing, swimming, picnics and parties.

Among the Club members' travels, they visited Hyde Park and met Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt; La Guardia Airport; Brooklyn Museum;

Matilda Ziegler magazine publication offices; and Steeplechase at Coney Island. These excursions have given them experiences which they can share with sighted friends in their conversations.

One of the marvels that keeps Mr. Bettica's enthusiasms pouring forth is the growth of the deaf-blind person from a helpless individual to a self-confident, well-informed person. "It's amazing to watch them blossom out, first learning braille, or relearning braille, then thinking and acting as workers, and before long they are conversing about the atom bomb or General MacArthur along with the rest of the blind workers. They have confidence in themselves." And, according to Bettica, "That's what counts."

Lou has his finger in several other pies, as the saying goes, including his manual alphabet classes in which both sighted and blind persons are taught the manual alphabet, so that they can converse more readily with their deaf-blind friends. The classes have been tremendously popular. He is amazed, however, at how many people can misspell simple words, and how many beginners insist on spelling words phonetically instead of giving each word its allotted number of characters.

Plans are now under way for an audiology clinic for the hard-of-hearing blind, which will include speech training, audiology training, and speech corrections.

Busy man, this Bettica, but all the expended energy and hard work is forgotten when one of the deaf-blind trainees make the discovery that life's cup is still full and that it's what you do with what you've got that counts.

HOW MANY PENNIES MAKE A NICKEL?

Marjorie McGuffin

When I was nine years old, I was a pupil at the Seattle school for the deaf. One day, a lady came from the school board, or some other board, to examine the mental ability of us children. She questioned us by writing on a pad at a table, taking each child in turn.

I guess I did fine until the very last question, as she was sweet till then. That last question was merely, "How many pennies make a nickel?" and was by far the easiest one. It is no wonder that she was shocked when I said I didn't know. She was sure I did know, and tried to make me admit that I did. But when she got nothing except, "Don't know," from me, she called the teacher and tattle-taled on me.

The teacher was very angry and insisted that I certainly did know. Fearing the strap, and all ready to bawl, I confessed that I didn't even know what a penny was. Both women looked horrified, but the examiner was kind enough to lay a penny on the table right under my nose. I took one look at it and bellowed: "That ain't a penny, it's a cent! Five cents make a nickel!" My family had taught me to call coppers "cents." I don't think those almost valueless little things deserve two names, anyway.

HELEN KELLER CONQUERS SOUTH AFRICA

From all reports, letters and postcards, the Helen Keller party, which arrived in Capetown, South Africa, on March 15, has been received with much graciousness and acclaim there. The charm of Helen has captured the hearts of the natives as well as the white population as it has in other countries and their schedules have been crowded as always.

Alfred Allen, assistant director of the American Foundation for the Blind, wrote this letter back to us on their arrival at Capetown. He mentions, too, that parts of South Africa remind him of the terrain in California, with its lovely palms, warm climate, mountains, and colorful flowers. While we are approaching summer here in the United States, it is the end of summer there.

He writes: "As everything must, the voyage came to a pleasant end yesterday. We had made excellent progress due to the calm seas, and so were ahead of schedule and all day Wednesday we just loafed along.

"We were scheduled to dock at six a.m. on Thursday but arrived in Table Bay much earlier, so just anchored for a spell, but began moving again about 5.0 when the lights from the shore at Sea View and Camp's Bay were quite distinguishable.

"We got in to the dock at six and by seven I had all the details attended to, clearing with the immigration and customs and baggage

officials only to find that we were expected to remain on board until His Worship the Mayor of Capetown should arrive with his wife. He was not expected to arrive until about ten.

"However, the usual horde of newspaper officials came around for stories and pictures and some time was thus consumed.

"Eventually, the mayor boarded the ship and his wife presented Helen with a bouquet of gorgeous flowers. We were driven in the mayor's car to the hotel, and taken to the suite set aside for Helen. It is a very marvelous suite formerly occupied only by General Smuts when he was in Capetown. It commands an excellent view of Table Mountain, the surrounding peaks, the harbor and Table Bay.

March 16

"Today we embarked on the first round of activities and I think everything went very smoothly. The civic reception was attended by some 250 guests. Included were the American chargé d'affaires, the Archbishop of Capetown, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of the Cape Province, the presiding judge of the province, the administrator and many other notables.

"Only Union government officials were noticeably absent, because the meeting and luncheon was in the tradition of Capetown and included both whites and colored. The Union government is bitterly opposed to this and will have no part of it and is bringing increasing pressure upon the provinces to enforce strict segregation wherever possible. Thus our schedule must in many cases include almost exactly duplicated

functions for Europeans, and for non-Europeans excluded from mixing with whites.

"Fortunately, Helen is at her best and I marvel at her more and more as I see her rise to each occasion in such truly remarkable fashion. She has been superb to date, and the reception given her and the warmth and geniality of the people is a joy to see."

After leaving Capetown, their next visits were in Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, KingsWilliamtown, East London, and Durban. They were to leave Durban April 19 for Johannesburg, where they will remain until May 20.

People have swarmed to hear Helen in every instance. In one town, Helen and Polly Thomson had a public meeting with 2,000 white persons in attendance. On another occasion, 1,200 natives came to hear her.

Proof that you just can't get away from the American way of life no matter how far you travel is evidenced in a notation by Alfred Allen, who mentioned in one of his letters that he had addressed the Rotary Club in one South African city and the Community Chest group in another. Just like the good old U.S.A.!

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The book on "Methods of Communication with Deaf-Blind People" has at last been printed in inkprint and in braille and there have been a great many requests for it. Many of you have been a great help by sending in suggestions, and some of the home teachers of the Western Conference of Home Teachers helped with the details. It is not possible for us to send it to you without charge, but you may order it if you like at fifty cents for the braille book and thirty-five cents for the inkprint copy.

A friend of Richard Kinney's is interested in doing a study about deaf-blind people. If he decides to do it, he will make up a questionnaire which will be brailled. In the next two months we may ask some of you to be "guinea pigs" and if you receive a letter about it, please feel perfectly free to answer or not as you choose. If you do not receive a letter and would like to be included, please write to me. As you know, we cannot give Dick's friend your name and address, without your permission. The first letters will be sent out from here.

--Annette B. Dinsmore

Dr. Potts

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1. The first group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the United States are the people who are interested in the history of the United States.

TOUCH AND GO

Volume 5

April, 1951

No. 4

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AMONG US NOW

Christ walks among us now as once He did

In green Judean springtime, when the three
Women who followed Him from Galilee

Crept to that tomb the Roman law forbid,
And found the chamber open; where, amid

The rapt, rejoicing lilies, they might see
Their Master's answer to Gethsemane--

A lovelier grove beyond death's garden hid.

Yes, still He moves among us--even now

Where falsehood, hate, injustice, vilely live,
His cross is planted and His challenge hurled:

With bleeding hands and thorn-exalted brow,
He summons men and nations to forgive--

A kindly presence in an angry world.

--Richard Kinney

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESK

April 1st you may have heard
Is the day we try to fool you,
So if you seek Miss Dinsmore's word
It's just not in this issue.

Many of you no doubt are wondering who this strange interloper can be who has invaded the privacy of these pages usually reserved for a friendly message from Miss Dinsmore. Perhaps before I tell you, some of you will already have guessed my identity from the above title; and those of you who have, I want to greet and say hello. For those of you who do not know me, I am Marta Sobieski, secretary for Services for the Deaf-Blind.

Miss Dinsmore once suggested that it might be a good idea for me to write a few lines in Touch and Go so that we could all get to know each other. Being a natural ham at heart, I jumped at the chance, and here I am--an aspiring, if somewhat embryonic journalist. I am one of those unfortunate people who, in order to write, must have every word extracted like a painful and stubborn tooth. However, since I make no claims to being a writer, in any sense of the word, I hope that you will bear with me in the following paragraphs.

As many of you oldtimers will know, I have not been with the Foundation very long, having come in June 1950. However, this brief association has been one of the most pleasant and most interesting I have ever experienced in any of my positions. I have never been in work for the blind before, but know now that I shall never want to work anywhere else.

Although I have my sight and hearing, I have been determined to learn both braille and the one-hand manual alphabet. I am ashamed to admit it but neither is coming along too well. I have conquered the elements of braille and am now concentrating on the contractions and word signs which I hope to master in the near future. The manual, however, has me completely baffled.

I have learned all of the letters and many a friend has caught me unawares walking down the street, hands at side, spelling sentences and phrases as they come to me. I hope in this way to develop some speed but, as yet, I have had no actual experience in the use of the manual.

Miss Dinsmore, Betsie and I share an office, from and to which all correspondence for or about deaf-blind people is directed. This office is very much like home to us, and we sincerely enjoy the prospect of coming to work in the morning, knowing that no two days are ever alike in the way of variety and interest. The room itself is large enough for us to be comfortable and small enough not to have that "spacious and empty feeling." The three windows which face south bathe our office with warm and bright sunshine in the high afternoon. Taking advantage of this very good location, we purchased four plants which take the place of honor on our nice, wide window sills. These plants are nursed by ever loving and tender, if not horticultural hands. I might add here, that we have already experimented with goldfish but have come to the conclusion that the air in our office must have affected the three goldfish we did have in a rather peculiar way--all of them swimming bottoms up at the end of the day. The departure of Finnigan, Flanigan and Samson (named in the order of their purchase) to fish Heaven, has left us very sad, and we have both vowed from now on to direct our attention to raising plants for the welfare of the fish we may buy in the future.

In closing, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed visiting you through this message and that I look forward to meeting many more of you through future correspondence and actual visits. Goodbye until the next time Miss Dinsmore braves the elements and asks me to write again.

Marta Sobieski, Secretary
Services for the Deaf-Blind

HELEN KELLER PARTY HONORED IN LONDON

Helen Keller and her companion, Polly Thomson, as well as Alfred Allen of the American Foundation for the Blind, were guests of honor at several social functions in London as they paused there en route to South Africa.

According to reports received here, one of the most impressive occasions was a dinner given by Lord and Lady Ismay at the Whites Hotel. Lord Ismay drank a toast to Dr. Keller and Miss Thomson, speaking "eloquently but simply of the admiration they had inspired throughout the entire world." All the dinner guests were spellbound and silent as she articulated her hopes for the success of their trip to South Africa. Plans were discussed for the centennial anniversary next year of the death of Louis Braille.

Another dinner party was given for them in a private dining room of the House of Commons. "Oddly enough this occasion was somewhat less dignified than that of the previous evening. The five members of Parliament present were obliged several times to rush out and vote when the bell rang. There was in general a feeling in the atmosphere of apprehension, and a closeness to the thrusts and shifts of a great country that is still much tortured by post-war conditions and a shaken empire."

Sir Ian Fraser was host at the House of Commons dinner. After the dinner, Dr. Keller, Miss Thomson and Mr. Allen were given tickets to the visitors' gallery of the House of Commons and listened to a lively debate on chicken feed in Gambia, according to our correspondent.

Next morning, the party said their goodbyes at Waterloo station and started on the next lap of their journey. They reached South Africa on March 15.

PERSONALLY YOURS

Housewifery is sometimes called drudgery, and well it may be to some people who are on the unimaginative side. It is a different story with Esther Williams, who is brimming over with a zest for life although deaf and blind. She brings her enthusiasm to her daily housework tasks, meeting and overcoming all the challenges.

Thirty years of housework have added to the charms of homemaking for Mrs. Williams and she and her husband, Archie, who is blind, love to entertain friends at their West Philadelphia home. The Williams celebrated their thirtieth anniversary on March 14. Those years have been busy, happy ones, filled with hobbies, good humor, contentment and--from the lively comments we received--never a dull moment.

The Williams are amused sometimes by the reaction of their friends to their marriage. One person asked Mr. Williams one day in a perfectly serious manner, "Tell me, how do you get along in the house without knocking each other over and running into each other?" To which Archie replied in an equally serious tone, "Oh, that's easy. We carry auto horns and blow them as we go around."

Mrs. Williams, who is in her fifties, has normal speech. She lost her sight at fifteen, and her hearing at the age of twenty. She writes with a pencil, uses a typewriter and braillewriter.

When questioned, she proudly explained her adroitness in the cooking department. "I can truly say I have been cooking all these years without a seriously burned finger, only a few tiny burns from getting things from the oven."

She can rely on her sense of smell for timing foods, when she doesn't depend on her memory of the proper time the food should be cooked. Just as any other housewife, "I use a clean toothpick when testing a cake to see if it is finished. When the pick comes out dry, I know the cake is done."

The only special cooking aids she uses are measuring spoons, a coffee measure (so that she uses the same amount in each pot) and some safety spoons which she purchased from the Foundation.

Her favorite meal to serve friends--meat loaf, potatoes, a vegetable and a special salad. "For dessert, I would have some fruit or some rice pudding, which I can make very well."

"I think the hardest task of housekeeping is serving the table when I have sighted guests. I don't mind preparing the meals but oh, to serve it--perhaps it is because you get a little nervous knowing others are watching you and that tends to make the task harder," according to Mrs. Williams.

"I don't like ironing either, but I get it done and do all of the ironing including the dress shirts, which I like to starch. Liquid starch certainly is good for blind women to use. It's easy to make and doesn't stick to the iron."

"What do I like to do best? I'll tell you," she confides. "I just love to entertain a group of deaf-blind persons, and, of course, some hearing blind, too. It gives me so very much pleasure to see them all so happy and that's a job well paid, I think."

The Williams have a neat trick rigged up to let Mrs. Williams know when the doorbell is ringing. "My husband put in what we call 'buzzers'," she states. "They are connected to a transformer and the transformer is

connected to the house current. When the doorbell rings, three buzzers begin to vibrate. One is out in the kitchen on the floor between the table and the sink. If I am out there, I can feel the vibration with my feet. You see, it is fastened to the floor but, of course, underneath the flooring. Then I have one on my desk and when I am sitting there, I always keep my knee against it in case the bell rings." Another buzzer is installed in the living room, fastened on the woodwork of the open stairway.

It is in the hobby department that Mrs. Williams really shines. She has picked an unusual hobby, collecting plants from as many states as she can. She's very proud of her garden. "I think there are plants from eight states, four o'clocks from California, a lily from Iowa, brown-eyed Susans, daisies and lilies from Montana. From Topeka, Kansas, I have golden glows and I am very, very proud of them and so is Archie. He was especially proud of them last summer when they were over six feet high and in their glory." Then she has some more lilies from Michigan, one plant from Indiana, and a lily-of-the-valley from New Jersey. A Pennsylvania friend sent an iris, a peony and some other greens. She loves all her plants and has given some special names. Also included in her garden are some chrysanthemums, roses, a lilac tree, ivy and dahlias.

Another hobby is sewing. She thinks her afghan is the best of her handwork pieces, a beautiful full-sized robe. She loves to make crocheted gifts for friends.

Her advice to deaf-blind persons is to find the secret of happiness by trying to make others happy. Good books and magazines, letters to friends, are ways to drive out the loneliness that many deaf-blind persons experience. Personally, she finds a busy hand drives away a lonely heart.

MY LIFE WITH THOSE IN THE DARK SILENCE

Rebecca Mack

I was born with defective vision, and at an early age became deeply interested in Helen Keller, and read her books. In 1913, when she was in Cincinnati on a lecture tour, I met her for the first time. Then, in 1917, when Helen went to Montgomery, Alabama, to be with her family, I conceived the idea of going to visit my aunt who lived just two houses from them in order to be near Helen. I spent six happy weeks there and devoted a great part of each day to Helen, taking her for walks, having long talks, and becoming almost like one of her family. I learned the manual alphabet going down on the train, and by the time I had been with her a few days, I was spelling with considerable speed, so that I was able to interpret rapidly to her all that was going on about us.

This visit changed the course of my life, for I determined to devote it entirely to the deaf-blind. I hoped to teach a deaf-blind child, and to that end, the following year, I entered the University of Cincinnati. I spent twelve years there; because of my limited vision, I had to take special work, and could not take a regular course. In 1928, I graduated with a certificate in special education.

During this time, I was collecting a library on this special subject. It started out to be a collection of everything that had been written by and about Helen Keller, but it now includes everything that has been published about other deaf-blind who have come after her. Hardly a day passes without my pasting an article or so in my scrap books, which now number thirty-seven volumes, or in finding a magazine or book containing some reference to my special subject. Each month I go to the public

library to consult reference books, such as the Reader's Guide. I am most grateful to my many friends who are always on the alert to send me any references they find. My first reason for making the collection was for my own education. In college, I could learn how to teach normal children, but I had to find another way to learn to teach the deaf-blind, and this I did by gathering and studying everything that had been written on the subject. This collection is, I believe, the only complete one in existence. It is now housed in three sectional book-cases, but it is growing so rapidly that I shall soon have to find more book space.

In 1927, I started to make a survey and census of all the deaf-blind in this country and in Canada. I was joined in this work by Corinne Rocheleau, a deaf woman from Worcester, Mass., who had been educated at the Institution des Sourds-Muet, in Montreal, Quebec. Together, we wrote a book called, Those in the Dark Silence, which was published in 1930 by the Volta Bureau of Washington, D.C. This book stimulated interest in the deaf-blind, and a few years later, the first department for the education of deaf-blind children was opened at Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Watertown, Mass. Perkins Institution is where both Laura Bridgman and Helen Keller had been taught. Since then, other schools have opened similar departments, namely, one in the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind in New York City, one in the California School for the Blind, in Berkeley, California, and this year, two new departments, one in Iowa and one in Illinois.

About seven years ago, the American Foundation for the Blind in New York City, established their services for the deaf-blind. I sent them a copy of my files, and from this beginning, their work has grown. I still work with them on the register. Our total number has grown from 665, when my book was published in 1930, to over 2,400 today.

During all these years, I have made interesting friendships with the teachers of the deaf-blind, as well as with many of the deaf-blind themselves. Helen Keller has remained a close friend, and when she lived in Forest Hills, New York, I spent many happy hours with her and her teacher, Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, and with their secretary, Miss Polly Thomson.

Since Helen Keller's formal education was completed, new methods have been developed for teaching these doubly handicapped children. Miss Sophia Alcorn developed the vibration method, which she named the Tadoma method, after two of her pupils, Tad Chapman and Oma Simpson. Miss Inis B. Hall, one of the pioneer teachers of the deaf-blind in this country, is still teaching at the California School for the Blind in Berkeley, where she went from Perkins Institution. She has been one of my greatest inspirations and a dear friend. Another friend is Mrs. Dorothy Bowman, of Newmarket, Ontario, who when her baby girl was born with this double handicap, came to visit me and to read in my special library. She has learned to teach the deaf-blind, and has done remarkable work with her own little Carol, now nearly nine, as well as with other handicapped children.

When the Foundation started their services for the deaf-blind, the director, Mrs. Dorothy Bryan, came to see me, and we became fast

friends. The present director, Miss Annette Dinsmore, a blind woman, who was a teacher of the deaf before losing her sight, is another one whom I am proud to call my friend, and with whom I work closely.

Dr. Robert H. Gault, then professor of psychology at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, was also interested in this work, and invented the Gault Phonotactor, and founded the American Institute for the Deaf-Blind, which has now, however, been discontinued. Through this mutual interest, we became friends.

When Miss Rocheleau was married at the Montreal school where she had been educated, I attended the wedding, met all of the deaf-blind women then living in the school, and also Sister Angelique-Marie, teacher of Ludevine Lachance.

Among the deaf-blind themselves I have formed many warm friendships. Helen May Martin, the deaf-blind pianist, lived here in Cincinnati over a year, in order to take music lessons, with which I assisted as interpreter. Kathryne Frick of Pennsylvania, who has had her story published in the Atlantic Monthly, is a correspondent and treasured friend. Tad Chapman, Miss Alcorn's first pupil, formerly of South Dakota, but now of California, calls himself "one of my boys." Leonard Dowdy, of Missouri, calls himself my nephew. When he was four, I went to see the child. Realizing that he was not only educable, but brilliant, I gave him, through his mother by correspondence, his preschool training, so that by the time he entered Perkins Institution two years later, he was a perfectly adjusted deaf-blind child, and learned rapidly. He is so normal today, at twenty-two, that one almost forgets that he is

handicapped. These two young men, Tad and Leonard, were both Miss Hall's pupils, and they are two of the most outstanding of the deaf-blind in this country today, except, of course, Helen Keller. Their ability to speak and to read the speech of others, by merely placing their hands on the lips or cheek of the speaker is truly astounding.

Recently, I have learned to know through correspondence that outstanding English woman, Frieda LePla, who has used her own deaf-blindness to help others similarly handicapped.

I wish to end this story on the theme with which it started, for throughout my life and my work it has always been Helen Keller who has been my beacon light--Helen and her beloved teacher, through whose inspiration I have ever been urged on and on.

This article also appeared in the January 1951 issue of the CCB Outlook.

Dr. Potts

TOUCH AND GO

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TOUCH AND GO

Volume 5

March, 1951

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AN EASTER TRIBUTE

Some unknown author has left the following beautiful tribute to Christ:

He possessed neither name, wealth nor influence. His relatives were inconspicuous, uninfluential, and had neither training nor education. In infancy He startled the King; in childhood He puzzled the doctors; in manhood He ruled the course of nature: walked upon billows as if pavements, and hushed the sea to sleep. He healed the multitudes, without medicine, and made no charge for His work. He never wrote a book, and yet all the libraries in the world could not hold all the books that have been written about Him. He never wrote a song, and yet He furnished the theme for more songs than all the song writers combined. He never founded a college, but all the schools put together cannot boast of having as many students. He never practised medicine, and He has healed more broken hearts than all the doctors far and near. He never marshalled an army nor drafted a soldier, nor fired a gun, and yet no leader ever had more volunteers who have, under His orders, made more rebels stack arms and surrender without a shot being fired. He is the Star of Astronomy, the Rock of Geology, the Lion and the Lamb of the zoological kingdom. He is the revealer of the snares that lurk in the darkness; the rebuker of every evil thing that crawls by night; the quickener of all that is wholesome; the adorer of all that is beautiful; the reconciler of all that is contradictory; the harmonizer of all discords; the healer of all diseases; and the Savior of all mankind. He fills the pages of Theology and Hymnology;

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every prayer that goes up to God goes up in His name, and is asked to be granted for His sake. Every seventh day the wheels of commerce cease turning and the multitude wend their way to worshipping assemblies and pay homage and respect to Him. The names of the past great statesmen of Greece and Rome have come and gone; but, the name of this Man abounds more and more. Though time has spread nineteen hundred years between the people of this generation and the scene of His crucifixion, yet He still lives. Herod could not kill Him; Satan could not seduce Him; death could not destroy Him, and the grave could not hold Him. He stands forth upon the highest pinnacle of heavenly glory, proclaimed of God, acknowledged by angels, adored by saints, and feared by devils, as the living personal Christ.

--Reprinted from CCB Outlook, April 1950

MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

March is here again, bringing the end of winter. It has been a long, hard winter for many of us and the weather man has played some freakish tricks. It is good now to look forward to warm and sunny spring days. As an unknown author (commonly believed to be Mark Twain) once said, "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it." That is true; the weather does interest all of us, and yet none of us can do anything about it except take it as it comes without letting it affect our spirits.

Do you remember the story of an early king of England who thought he was powerful enough to command the elements? He started by ordering

the tides of the sea to recede but the waves fooled him by continuing to creep up until they tickled his toes. Modern scientists have tried to create rain and divert the course of storms, and although they have had some slight success they actually haven't accomplished much more than did the ancient king.

There is an old saying about March--"in like a lion, out like a lamb." The lion represents strong, blustery winds and the lamb, the gentle, balmy days of spring. The saying implies that if March comes in like a lamb it will go out like a lion, and we must not let ourselves be fooled by early warm days. We have many such expressions which predict the weather--expressions based on tradition or superstition with no foundation in scientific fact. Weather forecasters of today are much more accurate and give much more valuable information but there is a poetry in the old sayings which appeals to the imagination and adds color to our language.

All of us hope that March will go out like a lamb this year so that Easter Sunday which comes toward the end of the month will be warm and bright. It seems fitting that this day should be calm and sunny in recognition of the hope which Easter brings to us in a war-torn world. It means a security for us which cannot be shaken by storms, hardship or the influence of hatred which is trying to flood the earth. May the spirit of this season strengthen our security and confidence in a peace that must and will come again to all men!

--Annette B. Dinsmore, Consultant
Services for the Deaf-Blind

PERSONALLY YOURS

If you have never heard of Geraldine Lawhorn before, it is high time that the introduction was made, for she is one of the rarest of the human species--a handicapped person, both deaf and blind, who has ventured into the entertainment field. Starting first as a writer, her talents have broadened to include dramatics, music and dancing.

This is the story of an attractive 34-year-old Negro girl, who has taken to heart the theory that admiration will turn away pity. She first discovered this magic formula in the eighth grade of school, when as a blind pupil surrounded by sighted classmates, she started writing a serial story for the school paper. "During recess, the children begged me to tell them what was going to happen in the next installment. It was then I found I wasn't useless after all."

Her writing efforts were rewarded later on in her high school years when she won a medal as a winner in a city-wide short story contest. Just at the time she felt she had something tangible to offer the world, her hearing failed completely at the age of nineteen.

She found that the love of friends could penetrate even her newest handicap, and under the persuasion of her mother and teacher, after three days of rest, she went back to school, where she was an honor student.

Since graduation from high school she has gone on to the Chicago Piano College and School of Fine Arts, where she won laurels as a dramatic soloist and pianist. Scads of rave notices from Chicago and New York newspapers testify to the brilliance of her performances.

Her life story is a tale of pure fascination. She is working now on her ambition to become recognized by critics and the public as an accomplished dramatic reader and solo actress. She will consider herself successful "when people attend my recitals not to help the handicapped but because they enjoy the performance. When I reach this goal, I feel that I shall have proved to the world that the handicapped have stored within them many talents."

An artist who constantly works to improve, she is now studying tap dancing, which she considers not only a muscle builder but also "especially good for a deaf person because once he has mastered the taps, he doesn't need accompanying music." Most of all she loves dancing as a recreation. "Ballroom dancing for a deaf-blind woman is comparatively simple since the partner does the looking and listening and she has only to follow his rhythm."

She has found that her training in the entertainment field has helped solve "the loneliness problem," which so many deaf-blind persons encounter.

Her advice is--"Even if a person does not wish to entertain for a livelihood, he will find that such training for a hobby will prove helpful. Deaf-blind people can learn stories and poetry; and, in the case of adult deafened people who have once heard music, that field is opened to them. Clever card tricks or magicians' games are good for deaf-blind persons to know to help solve the loneliness problem mentioned earlier.

Geraldine explains it this way. "When a person can entertain a group, he is more likely to be invited to affairs, large or small.

After he has entertained, he is less likely to be left sitting alone in a crowd. People will come to comment on the entertainment and thus a conversation is begun. So I believe that hobbies which will entertain others are the best kind for handicapped people."

"I have found that sighted people are as often bored at a party as I am. If I sit there looking bored, they let me sit, but if I take out some work such as a bit of sewing and look contented, they are certain to come over to interrupt and ask why I am looking so happy and what I am doing. Here again, a conversation is started."

There are times, Geraldine admits, that she would rather stay at home, but she says, "In my work, I must know what the world--a world I want to buy tickets to my recitals--likes to talk about. I cannot entertain them if I do not understand them. So I go out every time I have the chance, like it or not. I know I miss half of what goes on, but I feel that the half I receive is at least one half more than I would have gotten if I had stayed home."

Sewing is high on the list of her hobbies and her favorite forms of recreation are those that call for physical exertion, action that will balance the mental fatigue caused by studying and reading. "I like fast walking, running and playing in a safe park with children or a dog."

The greatest need of the deaf-blind person is education, as much education as possible, according to Miss Lawhorn. "Like everyone else, I believe it is their first need." Another need is more opportunities or openings for jobs. "We have a more normal attitude

toward the world when we earn our own living and are independent to buy the things we need," she says.

It is hard for many people without her handicaps to understand the way in which she has met her problems. Some people are so mystified that their notions become humorous to the handicapped person. In closing, here is an incident that Geraldine cites with some indignation.

"A few summers ago, I spent my vacation on my cousin's farm in Indiana. Of course, there are plenty of babies there, and I considered it a diversion to leave my studies behind me and help look after the babies.

"On this particular day, I had given a five-month-old his bottle and he had gone to sleep on my lap. One of the older children took the sleeping child into the house, leaving the half-empty bottle in my lap. About that time, a neighbor farmer drove up. My cousin introduced him to her visiting relatives. She told him I was an artist from the big town. She told him of the many things I could do in spite of my double handicap. I fear she exaggerated a little, for he gazed at me a long time with wondering eyes before he commented in all earnestness, 'Do they have to feed her from that bottle?'"

HOBBY DAYS ARE HAPPY DAYS

Burnie Devine

A hobby is one of the most pleasant and interesting ways to occupy one's spare time. It is also a very satisfactory form of relaxation. As there are so many kinds of hobbies to choose from, you will have no difficulty in selecting one suited to your purse or physical capacity. A hobby need not be costly, elaborate or exhausting. In fact, the more simple and inexpensive it is, the more pleasure it will bring.

In 1938, I began to make birdhouses as a hobby. During the years, I have made 891 such birdhouses and I hope to reach the 1,000 mark by the end of this year. Aside from the pleasure I get from making these houses, it has proved very interesting and has brought me many friends. Folks write telling me of their experiences with the birdhouses and say, "We never realized how interesting it is to have a family of birds and to watch them."

I call the birdhouses "Seeds of Friendship." I give a birdhouse and sow the seed of friendship in the heart. It is a pleasure to watch it take root and bring happiness to the heart in which it blooms. One of the greatest pleasures in life for me is making others happy. My method of distribution is very simple. I give birdhouses to friends going on a trip who in turn leave them in the states through which they pass, while others send them to relatives and friends in faraway places.

At present, I have birdhouses in forty states, and in Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Ecuador, Mexico, Cuba, Greece, Germany, Italy, England and Ireland. Among those from whom I have letters thanking me for birdhouses are the following persons: President Truman, President O'Kelly of Ireland, Presi-

dent Plazo of Ecuador, the president of Oxford University in England, King George, Princess Margaret, Mrs. Churchill, Mr. Attlee, the Queen of Greece, Billy Rose, Helen Keller and the late Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army.

For the pleasure of those who are fond of figures, here are a few. A birdhouse measures 7 inches overall; if set end to end, one thousand of them would measure 583 feet and 4 inches--as long as a city block. A birdhouse weighs 7 ounces; one thousand would weigh 437 pounds and 8 ounces. There are eleven parts to a birdhouse; one thousand would contain 11,000 parts, 26,000 nails, and, don't forget, 1,000 holes.

Most folks, after completing an article, devote several pages to the quoting of philosophy which they have borrowed from someone else to encourage you. However, since my knowledge of philosophy is very limited, I will simply end by saying, "Get yourself a hobby and be happy and good luck to you."

Buckingham Palace
London, S.W.

September 7th, 1950

Dear Sir:

I am desired by Princess Margaret to thank you warmly for your letter, and for so kindly offering to send, for His Majesty, one of your birdhouses. Her Royal Highness will be very pleased to receive this.

I am to express deep regret that, owing to a misunderstanding, you were informed through His Majesty's customs agents that this gift could not be accepted.

Princess Margaret bids me say how much she admires the magnificent way in which you have overcome your misfortunes, and how interested Her Royal Highness was to read of your achievements.

Yours truly,

Tennie Fee Bevan

G. Burnett Devine, Esq.

Lady in Waiting

The Royal Palace,
Athens, Greece

21st October, 1949

Mr. Burnie Devine

Dear Burnie:

Her Majesty the Queen was very touched by your letter and wishes me to express to you Her heartfelt thanks for the gift, made by your own hands, which you are so kindly sending Her.

I have great pleasure in enclosing herewith a little cross as a token of Her Majesty's deep appreciation of your kindnesses. As you will feel, on one side there is the Greek interlaced monogram of their Majesties, the King and Queen, with the Greek crown, and on the other side the words, "En touto nika," which means, "In this sign you will win."

Yours very sincerely,

Mary C. Ardon

Lady in Waiting to
H.M. the Queen of the Hellenes

THE BEAUTY BOX

It's that time of the year when even the marble statues at the Smithsonian Institute get a yen for a new Spring bonnet, particularly if they are female marble figures.

No marble statue, myself, all it took was one spring-like day and the budget took a plunge to new delirious depths for it was a tossup between two very catchy numbers. Finally, the problem became no problem at all. Since I couldn't decide between the pink and the white, I bought both. It's very tiresome when trying them on to decide which one to take back to the store.

Now that my troubles are aired, maybe it would be a good thing to take a quick view of what's on the spring fashion calendar. Glamour Magazine says, "the smartest costumes this spring will be composed of black with black accessories or black and white together, such as a check, and both will be accented with one sharp staccato accessory color." The preferred colors are a pinky red, warm beige, glowing yellow and, newest of all, fresh violet.

"The return of the ensemble is celebrated this spring with dresses and jackets or coats planned for each other. The silhouette is straight and narrow for the most part. For day, skirt lengths stay pretty much the same, fifteen inches off the floor, on the average."

Glamour is advocating a new bare-throated look. "Gone all the pearls, clips and flowers," with just a large brooch adorning the neckline.

Hats are having a big spring. They seem to be prettier than ever. Many have flower bustles in the back. Some are wisps of veiling, others are large-brimmed felts, and then there are the pert sailors.

Here's hoping you find the most attractive of all! Happy Easter Bonnet!

AFRICA BECKONS TO HELEN KELLER

Darkest Africa is the latest country to serve as a challenge to Helen Keller, and she and Polly Thomson, her companion, as well as Alfred Allen of the American Foundation for the Blind are now en route to that land of mystery and tropical splendor.

It will not be just a pleasure trip, for Miss Keller stated in an interview with the press before sailing, "There is a challenge for me in the work that awaits me there--helping in the rehabilitation of the native lives and conserving of eyesight." She expects to visit all four provinces of the Union of South Africa as well as Northern and Southern Rhodesia.

At seventy she retains a youthful enthusiasm and she says she is looking forward to the roll of drums and would especially like "to see a zebra."

Although a veteran traveler of Europe, Japan and Australia, this will be her first visit to this land of "great hills and wonderful plains." She hopes to catch glimpses of tribal life.

The party will visit both native and white schools and agencies. According to reports, one in twenty African natives are blind as compared with 1.75 in a thousand in the United States. Schools for blind children are few and inadequate and little or nothing is being done for blind adults.

Miss Keller is making the trip at the invitation of the South Africa National Council for the Deaf and the South African National Council for the Blind. The group will return early in June. Shortly before sailing, the American Foundation for the Blind honored the travelers at a party in the Helen Keller room of the Foundation. It was a festive affair with many of her famous and closest friends attending. Katherine Cornell, the actress; Myra Kingsley, the astrologist; and Nella Braddy Henney, the writer, were among those who came to honor their courageous friend.

D. Potts

TOUCH AND GO

Volume V

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MESSAGE FROM ANNETTE DINSMORE

Recently I had a chance to spend two days in the Department for Deaf-Blind Children at Perkins Institution near Boston, Massachusetts. The children live in an attractive cottage where all of their activities are centered and each child receives a great deal of individual attention. There are nine children ranging in age from six to nineteen, no two of whom are alike in personality. All the children seemed so happy and interested in things around them that it was a joy to be with them. The older boys and girls had very good speech and even the little ones spoke clearly. They seemed delighted to have a visitor and were, of course, much interested in Betsie.

There was a good deal of excitement concerning the parties that will be coming along during February, Lincoln's birthday, St. Valentine's Day and Washington's birthday. This brought to mind many similar parties held for the little deaf children I used to teach.

February is a month of holidays. How well do children everywhere realize the significance of these celebrations? How much do any of us really think about it? Abraham Lincoln, St. Valentine and George Washington, all three were men of great courage who held with steadfast purpose to ideals, and in doing so, made this world a better place for you and me. The stories of Lincoln and Washington are familiar, but few of us realize that St. Valentine was one of the early Christian martyrs who remained true to his religious faith in spite of great persecution. He was killed on the fourteenth of February. The anniversary of his death was first celebrated in England, but we are not sure just how this day became associated with romance. Courage and faith characterized all three men, though

they lived in different centuries; the same courage and faith that we need today if we hope to put an end to war and overcome aggression.

You who are deaf as well as blind have true courage which can influence people around you and which can be, and is, a living force for good.

Annette B. Dinsmore, Consultant
Services for the Deaf-Blind

DEAF-BLIND MAN MATRICULATES

Monsieur Robert Donzel, who is a deaf-blind, and who lives near Bourges, France, this year passed his matriculation in Latin and Greek. A blind telephonist who works in the district was asked by the school authorities to put his question papers into braille for him, and made typed copies of his answers. A sighted reader was present to look up the meaning of words in the dictionary, a facility which all candidates enjoy in this examination. Monsieur Donzel's method of communication is the tracing of block letters on the palm of his hand.

This is believed to have been the first occasion on which a deaf-blind man has matriculated in France. When preparing for the examination, Monsieur Donzel borrowed some of the necessary braille textbooks from the National Institute's Students' Library (in London) as they were not available in his own country.

--Reprinted from the November 15, 1950 issue of the New Beacon

For the benefit of our sports fans, we have decided to report each month something we consider of interest in the world of sport. So here goes!

It seems that all the world not only loves a lover, but loves a trouper, too. That this is true is evidence in a recent poll of sportswriters and broadcasters when they came to pick the men of the year 1950.

First honors went to bantam Ben Hogan of Texas, who made the greatest comeback in his field, that of golf, after a near fatal automobile accident. According to an Associated Press release, Hogan was critically injured while returning home from a tournament in Phoenix, Arizona on February 2, 1949. For many weeks he was in a serious condition. By midsummer of 1949, he was hobbling around on crutches. Last January he attempted his comeback in the rich Los Angeles Open, walking stiffly on legs held together with bailing wire. He astonished the golf world by finishing in a tie with Sam Snead, shooting a remarkable 280. He has returned a champion.

Second choice was Eddie Waitkus, first baseman for the Philadelphia Phillies, whose career nearly ended in tragedy, when he was shot by a deranged 19-year-old girl. He came back last year to play 154 games for the Phillies, to help them win the National League pennant, and play in the world series. He batted .284.

Third place went to the Navy football team that rose up to shock Army, 14-2, in the final game of the season.

Johnny Mize, veteran first baseman whose bat helped lead the New York Yankees to the world championship, received fourth place honors.

Then, in order, came the New York Giants baseball team; Joe DiMaggio, New York Yankees outfielder; the Princeton football team, the unbeaten surprise of the Ivy League; Ewell Blackwell, Cincinnati pitcher; the Michigan football team and the New York Yankees baseball team.

TALK IN BRAILLE

Leo Sadowsky

There is a special method based on braille which can be used by a deaf-blind person in talking with any hearing blind person who cannot use the manual alphabet or print in the palm. I invented this method and named it "braille talk." It is learned very quickly by anyone who can read braille. I developed "braille talk" in 1938 while I was with my hearing blind schoolmate, Henry Faller, at the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind, and we have been good pals ever since. I had been transferred to that school from the New York School for the Deaf in 1937 because my vision had been decreasing seriously.

The tips of the first three fingers on each hand are used to reproduce the braille cell and are numbered as follows:

Dot 1 - is the index finger of the left hand

Dot 2 - is the middle finger of the left hand

Dot 3 - is the ring finger of the left hand

Dot 4 - is the index finger of the right hand

Dot 5 - is the middle finger of the right hand

Dot 6 - is the ring finger of the right hand

The little fingers and thumbs are not used.

In using "braille talk," it makes no difference whether the speaker is on the left or the right side of the deaf-blind person but the two people must be side by side, not facing each other. The listener should extend his fingers away from his body in a relaxed manner, holding them in a parallel position, with the palms of the hands facing each other. There should be a space of about two inches between the palms and the fingers.

The speaker holds his hands over the listener's hands in a similar position so that he can easily touch the desired finger tip. For example, to indicate "a", the speaker touches the tip of the listener's left index finger using his own left index finger. To indicate "b", the speaker touches the tips of the listener's left index and middle fingers, using his own left index and middle fingers.

To avoid confusion, the speaker must be careful not to touch any of the finger tips which do not form part of the braille letter or contraction desired. To indicate space between words, the speaker taps once on the backs of the listener's hands. If the listener fails to understand the last word, he should quickly signal the speaker by tapping several times on the speaker's hands. This signal means that he wants the word repeated. Capital signs, periods, question marks and so forth are not needed in "braille talk" but there are some few special exceptions, of course. Any grade of braille or mixture of braille can be used in "braille talk." Be sure to give clear instructions when attempting to use "braille talk" in order to save confusion and time.

I hope my description of "braille talk" has been clear. If you have any questions, write to me at 482 Ashford Street, Brooklyn 7, New York.

PERSONALLY YOURS

(This is one of a group of interviews by your roving reporter with prominent deaf-blind persons or workers in that field.)

One of the sad things in life is that there are so many people interested in our welfare that we never have an opportunity to meet.

We had Miss Annette Dinsmore, consultant on services for the deaf-blind of the American Foundation for the Blind, in mind first of all when we started this "get acquainted" series. She is what someone once called a "tall drink of water"--by that we mean on the tall side, well-groomed, friendly as a kitten, and with a nice low voice.

As head of her department and when asked to list some of the important services she performed, she stressed as "perhaps the most important service" the endeavor to educate members of the community to understand deaf-blind men and women, so that people everywhere can learn to know them as friends.

You know that it is truly important to Miss Dinsmore to spread friendship and to see that everyone is adequately provided for, since she is such a friendly person herself. She has a Seeing-Eye dog, Betsie, whom she adores and who returns the compliment.

In spite of her busy life there is always time for a smile and a conversational interlude. She tackles train schedules and planes too, without a second thought, and with Betsie's help the two are an unbeatable combination.

Speaking of train schedules, she recalls the time when she had arrived in a Chicago, Illinois station with only twenty minutes to spare. A porter took her bags and told her he would return for her.

Time marched on and no porter. Just when she was on the verge of a frenzy, up came Mr. Porter. "Where on earth have you been," asked Miss Dinsmore, with visions of the train moving on without her, "and where are my bags?"

"They's on the train, ma'am," he replied.

"Well, what was the reason you didn't come back here for me?"

"Ah had a turrible time finding this here wheelchair. Can I help you in, ma'am?"

Miss Dinsmore tipped him for his trouble, grabbed his arm and ran like mad and just caught the train as it left the station. She still has visions of a much perturbed porter scratching his head as the train pulled out.

On the more serious side, Miss Dinsmore expresses the challenge and thrill of her work: "Two of the greatest problems for deaf-blind persons are the need for social contact and for occupations. Through education, we hope to teach people various methods of communication and to show employers that such handicapped persons are capable of constructive work."

She explained to me that many of these handicapped persons are extremely skilled and need only an opportunity for work. Others are well able to acquire such skills if they can be given training.

It is in her office that all activity for this group centers at the Foundation. She not only studies needs and seeks solutions to problems, but she has many other tasks to administer. "We furnish without charge braille watches, clocks, typewriters, hearing aids, and other items to any person who is deaf as well as blind, if he is unable to pay and no state or local resource is available. We give financial help for the education of deaf-blind students too, when no other source can be found.

As to the education of deaf-blind children, I learned that the modern method of teaching them is through vibrations. In this way they learn to speak and recognize the speech of others by touch. Children trained in the vibration method speak so distinctly that they can be easily understood, and they are able to understand everyone with whom they come in contact. A number of schools train such children, including Perkins at Watertown, Massachusetts; the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind in New York City; and the California School for the Blind at Berkeley, California.

As we terminated our interview, Miss Dinsmore stressed that one of the greatest pleasures of her work is found in letters from deaf-blind persons themselves on all kinds of subjects. Then she added, "Better yet are the visits I have with these friends when I have the opportunity."

Hers is the responsibility of helping to edit Touch and Go too, so she has a full and busy life. A busy life--with the welfare of the deaf-blind person closest to her heart.

THE BEAUTY BOX

This month we have a special surprise popping out of the beauty box. It's a special delivery message from a representative of a famous beauty house. It was specially written for Touch and Go and takes in hand the lively subject of make-up.

Golly! this message smells so good, all I can do is sniff, sniff, and pay no heed to the typing. Let me add my two cents before the experts take over.

It is my own private opinion that a nice mouth can make or break you as far as appearance goes. If you have full, generous lips, you are one of the lucky ones and can let the lipstick follow the curves with a great deal of success. Never, never let it get out of bounds for then you have a clown-like blob that everyone considers bad taste.

However, if nature was stingy in the lip region, a nice neat mouth with a touch of lipstick, not too red, will do the mostest of the bestest.

It's easy as skidding on ice to apply, too. The upper lip is tackled first with the stick following the contour. Then press your lips together and the lower lip is colored as gaily as its mate.

So now let our beauty expert advise you on shades. We will furnish the name of the red-red right lipstick upon request.

You Need Only One Lipstick To Be Lip-Right All The Time

The art of make-up is not necessarily complex. The simplest measures can result in the best grooming. Take the matter of lipstick. Actually it is not the complexion so much as the costume that dictates the shade of make-up (lipstick and sometimes rouge) that a lady will wear. But

there is a fundamental of make-up that is simple and that rides even over this basic standard.....when in doubt you always wear a red-red and be right. Every paintbox should contain a true red lipstick. This means that when you reach for a make-up shade and you are wearing black, brown, pink, green, yellow or a combination of colors.....red-red will always go with all of them. Of course, for true fashion tie-up, the pinks in our clothing should be complemented with pink tones in lipstick, the grape tones should be fed by blue-reds or purple tones, and the yellows should have golden tones in the red for specially right harmony. But a red-red lipstick in anyone's paintbox will take care of this matter of always being groomed right and bright.

GLIMPSES FROM HISTORY

No account of the blind in the United States can be complete without some reference to the very dramatic work that has been done with children who are deaf as well as blind. This work began over a century ago, when on October 4, 1837, Laura Bridgman came to Perkins Institute, then in South Boston. She was the first deaf-blind mute ever to be taught the use of language.

Laura was seven years old when she left her home in Hanover, New Hampshire, having lost her sight and hearing and most of her sense of smell as a consequence of scarlet fever contracted when she was two years old. As no deaf-blind person had heretofore been taught language, Dr. Howe faced the momentous questions of how to begin and what medium to employ.

He decided to teach her to read, and in order to do this, he began with objects and the words denoting them. Taking common objects of daily use--a key, a spoon, a knife and a book--he attached to them labels bearing their names in raised letters. Laura was made to feel these articles and the words designating them, until she associated name with object.

Later the names were detached from the objects and the pupil was given an object and taught to find the right name for it. In the third step the letters of the words were cut apart and the child was taught to pick out the letters that formed the name of the object given her. It was a slow tedious process, but it worked, and pressing on step by step, Laura Bridgman learned to read words as a normal person and employed written language to express ideas.

The fame of Dr. Howe's accomplishment with Laura Bridgman spread throughout the world, and many visitors came to Perkins to see this phenomenal child. Perhaps the most important of these was Charles Dickens, who visited the school in January, 1842. In his American Notes Dickens gave a very full account of the education of Laura Bridgman and of what Dr. Howe was able to do for her.

Some forty years later, the reading of this account in the American Notes by a woman in Alabama formed the first link in a chain of events which reaches to the present day. New hope flooded the heart of the reader, for she had a child who was also deprived of sight and hearing. This child was Helen Keller, then six years old.

Contact was made through Alexander Graham Bell, with the second director of Perkins, and it was arranged that a teacher trained in the methods used with Laura Bridgman be sent to the Alabama home of Helen Keller. On March 3, 1887, this teacher, Anne Sullivan, later Mrs. John Macy, a

graduate of Perkins of the previous June, met Helen Keller for the first time.

The story of the remarkable interwoven lives of these two women is too well known to need repeating. Helen Keller was released from her dark silence through the use of several objects, but it was the word "water" and contact with it which brought the first response.

At the present time the use of objects for reaching the imprisoned mind has been supplanted by the use of commands. Now most of the teaching of doubly-handicapped children is done through the oral method. By methods which have been developed recently, totally deaf and blind children, many of whom are mute when they first come to school, are taught to speak and to "hear" through vibration.

Deaf-blind children trained in these methods are able to hold direct communication without the use of signs or the manual language. Many of these doubly-handicapped children who have been called "children of the silent night" have been in both schools for the blind and the deaf and several schools have had successful programs for them.

Little had been done for the adult deaf-blind in this country, of whom there are perhaps two thousand needing attention and assistance, until 1946, when the Helen Keller Committee for the Deaf-Blind was formed by the American Foundation for the Blind.

--Thomas Farrell

--Reprinted from "The Bell Ringer" by Steve Walsh, in the October 3, 1950 issue of the Telegram-News, Lynn, Mass.

Dr. Catts

TOUCH AND GO

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JANUARY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday comes in January you can take pride in the fact that you were born in the same month as:

- January 1. Paul Revere, American patriot, 1735-1818
- January 4. Louis Braille, Founder of the braille system, 1809-1852
- January 5. Stephen Decatur, American naval hero, 1779-1820
- January 6. Joan of Arc, "The Maid of Orleans," 1412-1431
- January 7. Millard Fillmore, President, 1800-1874
- January 11. Alexander Hamilton, American statesman, 1757-1804
- January 17. Benjamin Franklin, statesman, 1706-1790
- January 18. Daniel Webster, orator, 1782-1852
- January 19. Robert E. Lee, soldier, 1807-1870
- January 19. Edgar Allen Poe, American poet, 1809-1849
- January 21. "Stonewall" Jackson, Civil War hero, 1824-1863
- January 22. Francis Bacon, English philosopher and author, 1561-1626
- January 22. Lord Byron, English poet, 1788-1824
- January 24. Charles James Fox, British friend of American colonies, 1749-1806
- January 25. Robert Burns, Scottish poet, 1759-1796
- January 29. William McKinley, President, 1843-1901
- January 30. Franklin D. Roosevelt, President, 1882-1945
- January 31. Franz Schubert, composer, 1797-1828

MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

As we tear off the last worn sheet of the 1950 calendar and substitute the clean page marked January 1, 1951, we find ourselves wondering what the next twelve months may hold for us. In spite of the shadow of war with all the fears and uncertainties which it brings, the very fact that 1951 is young gives us fresh hope. It gives us a chance to start again.

Freedom! What is it; the freedom which we, as Americans, take for granted, accept without question? It is defined as "the quality of being free, unrestrained, unimprisoned." Have you ever thought about it? Have you ever stopped to realize what it means to you in your everyday life? You can go from one town to another for business reasons or to visit a friend without fear of question. In Europe, whether you are a native or a visitor, you would need to register each movement with the police, giving full details. Here you may carry some card of identification for your own protection in case of accident, but in Europe you would be required by law to do so and would have to produce such identification on demand. In America, you can travel across the continent, as far as your pocketbook permits, with no interference. Across the sea where countries are smaller than some of our own states and closer together, you are constantly stopped by officials, and you are permitted to carry only a limited amount of money into and out of each country. If you have more than the sum allowed, your money is confiscated. If you live "behind the

iron curtain" in a communist dominated territory, you are told for whom to vote and you are forced to do so. You as an American, can vote or not, as you choose, and for whom you choose. In some parts of Europe you cannot get work unless you prove that you have a place to live and at the same time, you cannot get a place to live unless you already have a job. In any case, the Government would tell you what work you must do. Even before the war influence of recent years, you had little to say in your own vocational plans because tradition dictated that you carry on the work done by your father and grandfather before you; and it is rare to find an individual who has broken down these barriers, making his own decisions. Here you are free to choose an occupation according to your interests and abilities.

Freedom as you and I know it, is our heritage, part of our American way of life. It is a precious right for which men have lived and died throughout the years. If during 1951 we each hold clearly to these ideals, if we maintain harmony within our own lives and work together for unity of spirit, we can give a measure of influence to the world as a whole and help to bring peace again to mankind.

May the New Year bring happiness to all of you! May it bring friendship, work and peace of mind!

--Annette B. Dinsmore

HAPPY 1951!

Here are some New Year's resolutions that you may wish to adopt for your own personal set of objectives for the baby year who has just arrived. In any event may this be the most profitable year in every way for all of you.

I resolve in 1951--

To cultivate worth-while interests.

To get along well with people in work and play.

To develop confidence and self-respect.

To make the most of abilities and interests.

To think and act independently.

To acquire necessary knowledge and skills.

To develop an inquiring mind.

To know the satisfaction of completed work that is well done.

To perform at least one kindness every day and let my conduct be an inspiration to others.

SNOWFALL AT NIGHT

The supple wind goes by in lace;
In sequined gowns, the trees
Draw white fur snowboots into place
Below black-stockinged knees.

Sound itself goes shod in silk;
The yellow street lights gleam
Like dazzled eyes upon the milk
And honey of a dream.

--Richard Kinney

BOOK REVIEW

Glimpses Into a Hidden World. By Frieda LePla.

A young woman in her twenties is embarked on a teaching career fired with the natural enthusiasm, hopes and ambitions of youth. She is a fun-loving girl, with an eager desire to help others. This briefly describes Frieda LePla of Ireland who, in 1916, at the age of twenty-four was confronted with total blindness and deafness.

Contrary to what one might expect, the catastrophic experience did not force her into an apathetic existence, but rather, channeled her energies into a field of endeavor in which she could function, that of writing. In her book entitled Glimpses Into a Hidden World, one of many publications, Miss LePla shows that she is still a crusader with her interests focused now, quite naturally, on helping the deaf-blind by directing the attention of the seeing-hearing to their needs.

The first pages, dealing with Miss LePla's experiences in overcoming the serious handicap, lend authority and greater significance to the later chapters in which she discusses the problems of the deaf-blind. Actually, one could not doubt the qualifications of the writer, because of the keen perception and analytical insight with which she outlines the problems. One realizes through occasional poignancy of expression, the studied restraint and the hint of humor, that Miss LePla has experienced many, if not all, of the problems discussed. The utter loneliness--"of heart, mind and soul"--the sense of helplessness, the hunger for fellowship and beauty, the pent-up thoughts and feelings, the constant frustration especially of the desire to be useful, are treated in a very objective manner.

With an awareness of the point of view of the seeing-hearing and a recognition of the limitations of the adjustment process, Frieda LePla maintains that "combined blindness and deafness does not necessarily debar a person from living a life rich in outside interests and activities with considerable opportunities for fellow-service."

Throughout the book one is conscious of the primary need of the deaf-blind--the need underlying most of their problems--the need for real friends--friends who are absolutely trustworthy, who have proper respect for the rights and responsibilities of the deaf-blind individual and who, when they serve, serve ungrudgingly. To help such would-be friends, Miss LePla offers an appendix of constructive suggestions.

Because of its helpful nature, field workers with agencies for the blind should be required to read Glimpses Into a Hidden World. In fact, everyone having contacts with the deaf-blind will enjoy reading this tiny, thought-provoking volume, as it leaves one with the positive feeling, as Miss LePla intended it should, that we can and must do more for the deaf-blind.

--Helen A. Strickland

The Western Conference of Home Teachers is offering a \$5.00 prize for the best recipe submitted by a deaf-blind cook. All entries should be sent to Miss Frances Virgin, 3315 Cabrillo Street, San Francisco 21, California.

TRAGEDY AT BARRACK B

A young recruit potato,
With pathos in his eyes,
Besought the cook of Barrack B
For mercy in this wise:

'My name is Spud Potato,
I'm from the sixteenth bin;
I've always loved my buddies,
I hardly ever sin.

'My father, he was Irish,
My mother loved romance;
My grandmamma and grandpapa
Fed Eisenhower in France.

'The great top-kick has spoken--
I know that I must die;
But boiling is so hot, sir,
And, oh, don't let me fry!"

The weeping cook took pity,
And scratched a sultry brow.
They shot young Spud at sunrise
And he's in heaven now.

--Richard Kinney

THE BEAUTY BOX

It was a happy surprise when one of our readers wrote in requesting that some beauty aids be printed in Touch and Go. It seemed a good idea. So until you request otherwise we will endeavor to operate a beauty department.

If you have any short cuts to contribute toward making "a lovelier you," it would be a pleasure to receive them. Any male readers will have to go along with the gals. Maybe in some future issue we'll have a column on how to trim a mustache.

A basic beauty treatment that all authorities recommend and which is a "must" for good grooming is cleanliness. It sounds so simple that a lot of us underrate its importance as a beauty treatment.

Somehow, cleanliness became associated with health in our childhood teachings. Soap and water killed germs, so we were told. Mama should have mentioned that soap and water not only killed germs, but also had other more glamorous charms. On the radio the other day, a model, "The Angel Face Girl," attributed her success to plenty of soap and water, and sleep. Simple, no?

Have you ever noticed how soft and smooth the skin feels after bathing? It seems to take on a glowy look too that all the most expensive beauty aids can't emulate. The best thing about it is that soap and water are so inexpensive. So as a basic beauty treatment let's put down a daily tubbing or shower as a first step.

THE JOURNAL

It was a long winter and the snow was deep and white.

The first snow had been in the air for some time.

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Ready for a Shampoo?

This will be a quickie, but it is very important to good grooming none the less to have bright, shiny hair. Our inquiring reader specifically asked for some tips on this subject.

First, a brisk brushing helps remove loose dandruff and aids circulation. Second, choose a liquid castile soap, or one of the popular tubed shampoos on the market. The latter seems practical for there's no danger of a bottle breaking.

Wet the hair with warm water. Then apply the soap until a rich lather forms and push the scalp with the fingertips. Fingers should be kept rigid and the hand rotated in a small circle to help loosen the scalp. Rinse the soap away in warm water. Reapply the shampoo. Rinse twice or thrice until the hair is "squeaky clean," or resists to the point of pulling when squeezed. Dry with a towel until still slightly damp. Comb out and you are ready for the pin curl treatment, if desired.

Pin Curls Make Glamour Girls

Couldn't resist becoming poetic, for it not only rhymes, but it's true. After achieving a straight part, pick up a small section of hair with your right hand, press the index finger of your left hand to your scalp and wind the hair around, then slide it off your finger. With the right hand separate a bobbie pin and anchor it securely into the small flat curl. Two pins will do a better job in each curl. Continue with small sections of hair until the entire scalp has been sectioned

THE FUTURE

The first is a matter of time, and it is only a matter of time before the first of these things will be done. The second is a matter of money, and it is only a matter of money before the first of these things will be done.

There is a third thing which is a matter of time, and it is only a matter of time before the first of these things will be done. There is a fourth thing which is a matter of money, and it is only a matter of money before the first of these things will be done.

There is a fifth thing which is a matter of time, and it is only a matter of time before the first of these things will be done. There is a sixth thing which is a matter of money, and it is only a matter of money before the first of these things will be done. There is a seventh thing which is a matter of time, and it is only a matter of time before the first of these things will be done. There is an eighth thing which is a matter of money, and it is only a matter of money before the first of these things will be done.

THE FUTURE

There is a ninth thing which is a matter of time, and it is only a matter of time before the first of these things will be done. There is a tenth thing which is a matter of money, and it is only a matter of money before the first of these things will be done. There is an eleventh thing which is a matter of time, and it is only a matter of time before the first of these things will be done. There is a twelfth thing which is a matter of money, and it is only a matter of money before the first of these things will be done.

off. Cover your head with a net until hair is completely dry, and presto! when you comb your hair out, it's just naturally beautiful. Commercial metal curlers on the market are easier to use, perhaps, but the pin curl method gives a more natural look. It's the favorite of the beauty operators. Pin curling your hair at night between shampoos keeps that well-groomed appearance that makes such a hit with the butcher and the baker and everyone else.

Next month, more hints, and don't forget to write us your problems or suggestions.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Mr. William McDaniel of 8537 Northeast Glisan Street, Portland 16, Oregon is interested in becoming acquainted with other deaf-blind people in Portland. If you live in or near that city, we hope that you will get in touch with Mr. McDaniel.

The plastic pocket-size braille calendars for 1951 are now available without charge. If you would like to have one, just send a card or letter to the Department of Services for the Deaf-Blind.

We want to remind you again that the typewriter margin signal is now available. These instruments are made up by order and it takes a few weeks to assemble them.

WHAT IS A BOY?

Between the innocence of babyhood and the dignity of manhood, we find a delightful creature called a boy. Boys come in assorted sizes, weights and colors, but all boys have the same creed: To enjoy every second of every day and to protest with noise (their only weapon) when their last minute is finished and the adult males pack them off to bed every night.

Boys are found everywhere--on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around, or jumping to. Mothers love them, little girls hate them, older sisters and brothers tolerate them, and Heaven protects them. A boy is Truth with dirt on its face, Beauty with a cut on its finger, Wisdom with bubble gum in its hair, and the Hope of the future with a frog in its pocket.

When you are busy, a boy is an inconsiderate, bothersome, intruding jangle of noise. When you want him to make a good impression, his brain turns to jelly or else he becomes a savage, sadistic, jungle creature bent on destroying the world and himself with it.

A boy is a composite--he has the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword swallower, the energy of a pocket-size atomic bomb, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of a Paul Bunyan, the shyness of a violet, the audacity of a steel trap, the enthusiasm of a firecracker; and when he makes something, he has five thumbs on each hand.

He likes ice cream, knives, saws, Christmas, comic books, the boy across the street, woods, water (in its natural habitat), large animals, Dad, trains, Saturday mornings, and fire engines. He is not much for

Sunday School, company, schools, books without pictures, music lessons, neckties, barbers, girls, overcoats, adults or bedtime.

Nobody else is so early to rise, or so late to supper. Nobody else gets so much fun out of trees, dogs, and breezes. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, a half-eaten apple, three feet of string, an empty Bull Durham sack, two gum drops, six cents, a sling shot, a chunk of unknown substance, and a genuine supersonic ring with a secret compartment.

A boy is a magical creature--you can lock him out of your workshop, but you can't lock him out of your heart. You can get him out of your study, but you can't get him out of your mind. Might as well give up--he is your captor, your jailer, your boss, and your master--a freckle-faced, pint-sized, cat-chasing, bundle of noise. But when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, he can mend them like new with just two magic words--"Hi, Dad!"

--Alan Beck

Reprinted from the October 1950 issue of N.E.A. Journal (National Education Association)

The Skylark is offering prizes of \$5.00, \$3.00 and \$2.00 for the best poems of not more than sixteen lines; and prizes of the same amounts for the best stories, not to exceed two thousand words, submitted by deaf-blind authors. Entries should be sent to Miss Lillian E. Cunradi, Skylark Editor, 731 Williamson St., Madison 3, Wisconsin. The contest closes on October 1, 1951.

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